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THE

MIDSUMMER MEDLEY.

A SERIES OF

COMIC TALES,
SKETCHES, AND FUGITIVE VAGARIES.

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'BRAMBLETYE HOUSE,'
ETC. ETC.

'It is a good thing to laugh at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness.' DRYDEN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE

MIDSUMMER MEDLEY.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF SPRING.

I.

Cry Holiday, Holiday! let us be gay,
And share in the rapture of heaven and earth;
For see! what a sunshiny joy they display,
To welcome the Spring on the day of her birth;
While the elements, gladly out-pouring their voice,
Nature's Pæan proclaim, and in chorus rejoice!

II.

Loud carols each rill as it leaps in its bed;
The wind brings us music and balm from the south,
And Earth in delight calls on Echo to spread
The tidings of joy with her many-tongued mouth:
O'er sea and o'er shore, over mountain and plain,
Far, far does she trumpet the jubilee strain.

III.

Hark! hark to the cuckoo! its magical call
Awakens the wild flowers that slept in the dells;
The snowdrop, the primrose, the hyacinth, all
Attune at this summons their silvery bells.
Hush!—ting-a-ring-ting!—don't you hear how they ring?
They are pealing a fairy-like welcome to Spring.

IV.

The love-thrilling hedge-birds are wild with delight;
Like arrows, loud whistling the swallows flit by;
The rapturous lark, as he soars out of sight,
Sends us sun-lighted melody down from the sky.
In the air that they quaff, all the feathery throng
Taste the spirit of Spring that out-bursts in a song.

V.

To me do the same vernal whisperings breathe
In all that I scent, that I hear, that I meet;
Without and within me, above and beneath,
Every sense is imbued with a prophecy sweet
Of the pomp and the pleasantness Earth shall assume
When adorn'd, like a bride, in her flowery bloom.

VI.

In this transport of Nature each feeling takes part;
I am thrilling with gratitude, reverence, joy;
A new spring of youth seems to gush from my heart,
And the man's metamorphosed again to a boy.
Oh! let me run wild, as in earlier years:
If my joy be suppress'd, I shall burst into tears.

CLIO GRUB AT BRIGHTON.

Clio Grub was a Poet, an old puff provider
For Warren's Jet Blacking and Rowland's Kalydor,
Though promoted at times to be laureate fag
To that old woman's Album the "Gentleman's Mag.'
Derry down, &c.

His form was so lank, for he lived by his wit,
No bailiff could see him behind a stout spit;
And cash was to him an Ash-Wednesday event,
Which never arrived except when it was *lent*.
Derry down, &c.

His garret, all scrawl'd with extempores quaint,
Though it needed the brush, I shall not try to paint;
'Twas a shivering room in the attic, more fit
For rheum-atic complaints, than to prompt Attic wit.
Derry down, &c.

Rheumatic he grew, caught the ague beside,
And shook till the bantering landlady cried—
" Them as thinks Poet Grub isn't any great shakes,
Could they but see him now would confess their mistakes."
Derry down, &c.

Quoth the Bard, " I am going to Brighton:"—(" High
times,"
The dame interposed, " if you speak of your rhymes:")—
" To pay Nature's debt I must quickly prepare."—
Cried the dame, " How prodigiously Nature will stare!"
Derry down, &c.

To Brighton he went, and secured a retreat
In the pebble-built house of a narrow back street,
With a staring bow-window, to let him explore
What was passing in either bow window next door.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas a scene for a poet; behind he could gaze,
From morning till night, on the Mews and the bays;
But the Mews was a stable which seldom inspired
A bard, though the bays in the fetlock were fired.
Derry down, &c.

He was scarcely installed, when the lodging-house maid
Ran open-mouth'd up to her mistress, and said—
"La, Ma'am! there's his chaise in the street—Mrs. Shee
Has let her first floor to a monstrous grandee!
Derry down, &c.

"Sally told me the nobleman's title, but what
She call'd him, in hurrying home I've forgot;
I shall soon recollect, and I 'll then let you know."
So saying, she dived to the kitchen below.
Down, down, &c.

Five minutes elapsed ere the wench in a hurry,
Having thought of the title, ran up in a flurry,
And bawled to her mistress, half-breathless with speed,
"The gentleman, Ma'am, is a great *invalid*."
Derry down, &c.

In baths of all sorts Grub was pickled and stew'd,
And Mussulmen sharply his muscles shampoo'd;
While Mahomed rubb'd, and such zeal did evince,
That the Turk has been black in the face ever since.
Derry down, &c.

"Shampooing," cried Grub, "is of no real use;
Let me try what a long country-walk will produce;
'Tis a night for a poet—just going to freeze,
So I 'm sure of a *rime* on each leaf of the trees."
Derry down, &c.

It is true, there was one *shingle beach* by the sea,
But elsewhere he hunted in vain for a tree;
For wherever at Brighton you chalk out a walk,
'Tis impossible ever to walk out of chalk.
Derry down, &c.

The night it was black, and the winds warring high,
Seem'd to shed Warren's Blacking all over the sky;
But Grub, in whose writings the moon brightly shone,
Made light of the darkness, and boldly march'd on.
Derry down, &c.

In a well that was dry roguish smugglers had flung
Some ankers of gin, which they covered with dung;
Grub soused in the hole, and exclaimed in affright
"Well-a-day! I don't fancy this deep well at night."
I am down, down, &c.

It chanced that he started a cask as he fell,
And being himself quite as dry as the well,
He swilled till, like Neptune, he fell fast asleep,
Embracing an *anker* while plunged in the deep.
Down, down, &c.

When they hoisted him up, he afforded a plea
For a coroner's inquest of *Felo de se;*
For as soon as he came to himself, he began
To find that he had come to a different man.
Derry down, &c.

The gin, or the fright, or the heat he endured,
Rheumatics and ague had thoroughly cured;
And the late Clio Grub, such a poor sickly soul,
Was discharged from the hole of the well, well and whole.
Derry down, &c.

THE BREWER'S WIFE:

A GHOST STORY.

Horatio says 'tis but our phantasy,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE self-tormenting conscience that impels murderers and other malefactors to surrender themselves to justice and make a voluntary confession of their crime, springs not so much from remorse as from the incessant and intolerable dread of detection and punishment. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear;" to be rendered desperate is to be terrified out of terror; and as the greatest

coward upon earth would rather confront and grapple with an apparition at once than be perpetually haunted by it, so the criminal would rather be hanged outright on one day in the year, than live in dread of that fate during the other three hundred and sixty-four. Remove this clinging and torturing apprehension; let him be acquitted by some mispelling or trivial flaw in the indictment, and his conscience will become singularly tranquillised and accommodating, for it is astonishing how easily men are persuaded that whatever has received legal toleration in this world will be sure of equal indulgence in the next. It is upon this principle, I presume, that we never observe the smallest compunctious visitings or self-upbraidings in those gentlemen and lady delinquents who rob their tradesmen by ordering goods for which they have not the means of paying;— in duellists who commit murder with a kind

of legal connivance; or in soldiers, who at the capture of an assaulted town let loose the whole diabolism of their passions, and perpetrate every species of enormity upon the defenceless inhabitants, without in the smallest degree compromising their own self-esteem, or their reputation with the world for being marvellous proper gentlemen. Though I do not envy these people their legalised misdeeds, I would willingly possess their complacency; for I have committed a new, without being quite sure that it is an unpunishable crime: and as the dizzy height of Dover Cliff—

> ——— "puts toys of desperation
> Without more motive, into every brain
> That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
> And hears it roar beneath;"—

so am I driven by the very height and depth of my offence to the desperate expe-

dient of throwing myself headlong —— upon the indulgence of the public.

Be not however alarmed, most benignant Reader! I am no penitent cut-throat frightened into a lachrymose confession that shall entitle him to a compassionate celebrity in the newspapers, and to the maudlin sympathy of sentimental shopkeepers and snivelling spinsters. Far from having committed murder, my crime is of a diametrically opposite nature. Instead of having taken a man out of the world before his time, I have brought him into it upwards of a hundred years before he was born, and have thus rendered him a sort of antithesis to the heroes who preceded Agamemnon and perished unwept and unknown for want of a historian to record their exploits. Many authors have given a new life to the dead, but I am perhaps the first who have bestowed a previous existence upon the living: many have con-

ferred posthumous celebrity; mine is the primal, original crime of having condemned a fellow-creature to ante-natal notoriety. When Pope and Swift circulated a waggish report that Partridge the astrologer was defunct, he made a formal affidavit setting forth that he was not only alive at that moment, but that he was actually in existence a month before, at the very time when they were circulating the malicious rumours of his death. My unfortunate victim has not this resource; for I have never asserted his death, though I stated him to be flourishing in 1688; he can only swear that he had no existence when I affirmed him to be alive; that consequently the jokes I have made him utter are above a hundred years older than they ought to be; and that, after all, they are marvellously little of their age. Not longer to delay my confession, be it known unto all men, that Christopher Crowfoot,

alias Comical Kit, a character whom I have elsewhere introduced* as figuring in a gentleman's family in the time of James the Second, is, or was very lately, living in service at Wells, in Somersetshire; and so far from his claiming any patriarchal longevity, or even rivalling our countrymen Jenkins and Parr, cannot, I apprehend, have seen above forty birthdays in this our present Anno Domini. I have transplanted him exactly as I found him, with all his buffoon tricks and nonsensical oaths and adjurations from the nineteenth to the seventeenth century,—a species of kidnapping which, though it may not come within reach of the statute against that offence, has so haunted my mind, that in order to possess a clear conscience, or rather perhaps to anticipate detection, I have been led to make this public and penitent confession of my misdeed.

* In the novel of "Walter Colyton"—which see by all means.

To this have I felt myself the more imperatively bound, because I am about to subpœna the aforesaid Comical Kit before my readers as evidence for a most authentic and unquestionable ghost story, in which he was not only a principal performer, but had immediate ocular proof of the apparition recorded. Whether this second introduction of the same character may be justly deemed a plagiarism, I leave to the critics to determine; though the writer must add in vindication, that whatever may have been his thefts from others, he is the last man who would think of stealing from himself,—a species of pilfering which he would consider somewhat equivalent to that of robbing the poor's box. And so to our tale, which being a ghost story, we have not thought it becoming to introduce without a grave and appropriate exordium.

"In the shooting season before the last, I

went to Wells on a visit to the gentleman in whose service Comical Kit was then employed as a sort of factotum, he being one of those useful domestics who, as the phrase runs, can turn his hand to any thing. My friend is an old-fashioned old man, who, setting his face, or rather his head, against innovation of any sort, still persists in having the barber every morning to dress his hair with rollers and wing curls precisely as he wore them forty years ago, and invariably defers the reading of the paper until he is duly invested with dressing-gown, horn-eyed visor, and hovering pulvilio, and can dally with the news, as Ixion did with Juno, through a cloud. To this dusty operation he expressly appropriates a small powdering room adjoining the kitchen, and upon pegs in this chamber I usually suspended my fowling-piece when I came home from shooting. This I did one afternoon rather later

than usual, when, being a little fatigued with my morning's sport, and seeing the paper upon the table, I sate down and continued reading it until I fell fast asleep, in which happy state I must have remained some hours, for on my awaking I found that the room was quite dark, except a stream of light flowing from a small circular aperture in the door communicating with the kitchen. By the voices that reached me from the latter apartment, I discovered that all the servants were assembled round the fire, and that Comical Kit, at the united request of his companions, had undertaken to tell them an authentic ghost story, to the truth of which he could bear personal and ocular testimony. Although I had no wish to enact the eves-dropper, I must confess that, having learnt thus much before I was well awake, I was induced, partly by curiosity, but more from my knowledge of the narrator's waggish

character, to listen to his tale, and to approach the aperture in the door so as to command a sight of the party, without being myself visible.

"Phantoms and phosphorus! ghosts and gooseberries! spectres and spectacles!" exclaimed Kit, beginning with his customary tomfoolery, but endeavouring to look as solemn as the broad comic impudence of his features would allow—"It's a frightful story; but if you insist upon having it, you shall, for I have not forgotten one tittle of the whole affair, though it happened many years ago, when I was residing at Dorchester: and, by the by, I don't think I ever told you how I came to leave that town.—I was a youngster then; not the grave, steady, serious character that I am now become.—Ehem! and having conceived a dislike against our assize judge, a strutting, crow-in-a-gutter sort of short, fat, pursy man, as

pompous and pragmatical as a periwinkle in a powdered periwig, I stationed myself at a door immediately behind where he sat in the Court, until I was tired of listening to the roguery, rubbish, and rigmarole of the lawyers, when I crept along upon all-fours, and tied his wig, though it was not a tie-wig, but a full-bottomed one to match himself, to the back of the chair. So when he rose up to charge the jury,—murder and mouse-traps!—horrors and hair powder!—off flew the periwig, the judge looked as blank as a lottery-ticket, and as bald as a mopstick without its wool, and the whole court held their sides with laughing, for all the world like so many oysters when they are tickled in the short ribs by the point of the opening knife. His lordship scolded and tore, the clerk of the court swore, the jury were in a roar, so were many more; I crept to the door, where I was before; and so, to leave

rhyme and come to reason, I made my escape out of the sessions-house, and ran back to my master's. You may be sure I was as silent as a saucepan; but as they offered five pounds to discover the offender, and I began to fear that I might be detected and placed under lock and key, I determined to make a bolt, and so bolted out of the town.

"Before this happened, I lived with a brewer, which accounts for my being something of a druggist; though it was my principal business to wait upon my mistress, a little, withered, shrivelled, brown old cat, who had as many airs as a jig-book, and agreed with her husband just as our Jowler does with Pincher when they are coupled together; that is to say, each pulled a different way, and both snarled and snapped because they couldn't get loose. However, they were separated at last; for mistress took a cold, then took a fever, then took to her bed, then took advice,

and of course soon took her departure. Master, you may be sure, grieved like a spur-gall'd horse when its rider tumbles into a ditch; and was obliged to keep his handkerchief constantly at his eyes, to conceal how shockingly he didn't cry. For my part, I fretted like a schoolboy who is breaking up for the holidays; and, in short, only one person seemed to mourn for the deceased, which was the girl who nursed her, and who had been promised a guinea in case her mistress should recover. She, poor wench! sate in a corner, blubbering like a church spout, and looking as dripping and doleful as a mile-stone in a shower of rain. Well, the undertaker came, stealing about as silently and mysteriously as a thief in the dark; and the funeral he provided was very unlike mistress, for it was very handsome, master being determined to bury all animosity along with his wife."

"Love ye, Kit!" interposed the Somerset-

shire cook at this period of the narrative, "'ont ye tell us all about the funeral; for I had a gramfer was an undertaker, and I had always a taste for buryings and such like."

"Scutcheons and scarves! black hearses and white handkerchiefs! you shall have the whole procession, and a most affecting one it was, fit to melt the heart of a cabbage, or draw tears from a tenpenny nail. First came a blubber whale as chief mourner; next was the parish beadle in black, or a black beetle of the parish, I 'm not quite sure which; then there came—"

"Out upon ye for a crack-brained zany!" cried the cook in dudgeon; "casn't ha' done wi' your foolery and jeering, even when thee be'st telling of a burying?"

"Well, if you won't have the procession, and I should have described it exactly as it was, I 'll be one of the mutes, and go on with my story.— Heigho! sobs and soap-suds!

tears and tetotums! geese and goblins!—the melancholy part is now coming, ay and the terrible too, for it's a frightful story, as must needs be the case where I have to tell ye of a ghost that I have seen with my own eyes; and therefore I think it right to prepare you beforehand, because I don't wish anybody to be in the smallest degree alarmed; and having said this, I won't be answerable for any consequences, no, not even if ye go into hysterics and hydrostatics.—But to pursue my tale, as the kitten says to itself when it runs after its own:—

"The deceased was deposited in the family-vault; for master, though a brewer, was proud of his family, his great-grandmother's great-uncle having been aunt to the second cousin of a baronet's third wife, in the reign of George the First. The funeral was finished; the mourners—I mean to say the followers—returned to the house; and master, now that

he had made all sure, began rapidly to recover the spirits he had never lost. On the morning after, he called the maid up from the kitchen: 'Grace!' says he—and this struck me the more forcibly, because he wasn't in the habit of saying Grace either before or after dinner—'Grace!' says he, 'go into your poor mistress's bed-room, (the window, I see, has been already opened,) put back the shutters, and set the chamber to rights.'—'Yes, Sir,' says Grace, dropping a curtsey that hadn't a bit of her own name in it; and off she went whimpering and wiping her eyes, like a periwinkle when he feels the pin that is to pick him out of the shell, for she was thinking of the guinea she was to have had if her mistress recovered. Scarcely three minutes had elapsed when I heard a dismal scream that made my heart whop against my ribs, and immediately afterwards Grace came sliddering down the stairs, six at a time, and sunk upon the mat at the

bottom with a deep groan, her teeth clenched together, and her face as white as a sheet. So I ran up to her, (for I happened to be passing through the hall at the time,) and just as I reached her she opened her eyes and stared wildly about her; and soon as she could find her breath, declared that her mistress was come to life again, and that she had seen her lying in the bed! Spectres and spatterdashes! here was an adventure! I was not a little frightened, as you may well suppose; but I ran to my master and told him what I had heard. 'Come to life again!' he exclaimed, getting as red in the face as a pickled cabbage. 'Lord have mercy upon us, and Heaven forbid! Impossible! Doctor Mortlock is a safe man, and doesn't do his work by halves. Your mistress is fairly dead and buried, and I won't hear of any such misfortune.'—'Well, then,' said I, 'it must have been her ghost!'—'Stuff and

nonsense!' quoth he, 'Grace is an ignorant country malkin, and you are no better. I will go and see into this ridiculous matter myself: tell Grace to follow me.' Grace, however, swore that she wouldn't go nigh the chamber again, no, not for a dozen guineas and a silk gown besides. So I followed him up-stairs, but didn't go any farther than the landing-place; and there, in a minute or two, I heard a shuddering kind of cry, and out bolted master with his eyes goggling out of his head like a lobster's, and his hair sticking up like a porcupine in a passion, and he rushed past me, and never stopped nor said a word, but ran fairly out of the house as fast as ever he could scamper. By this time the whole establishment was in confusion, for the news spread like wildfire; and three stout fellows from the brewery, who were somewhat pot-valiant at the moment, declaring that they feared neither scarecrow nor scara-

mouch, and cared not a button for mistress whether dead or alive, armed themselves with pitchforks, and volunteered to storm the haunted chamber. Thinking myself safe under such an escort, I ventured to follow them at a little distance, and I did get one single peep into the room. Horrors and horse-chestnuts! I shall never forget it. By the dim light, for the shutters were only half open, I saw the poor defunct lady in her night-cap, chattering to herself, and nodding, and grinning, and mewing, and mocking, and making all sorts of horrible faces at us."

At this part of his relation, Kit's auditors, whose looks had been gradually assuming a most expectant and solemn expression, drew their chairs still nearer to one another, with evident marks of dismay, and sundry ejaculations of terror and surprise—indications which were not unmarked by the mischief-loving story-teller, who, as he was about to continue his narrative, suddenly drew back with a cry of

pretended terror, which was instantly echoed by the whole party ejaculating at the same time, "'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!'—what horrid sound was that?" All eagerly protested that they had heard nothing. "I did," said Kit in a whisper of assumed terror, "and it sounded exactly like the shape of the smell of an empty coffin. Hark! hist! hush!—there it is again! Caterwaulings and catastrophes! it was nothing, I find, but the purring of the great tom-cat." Although Kit was angrily rebuked by his auditors for thus trifling with their feelings, they impatiently urged him to proceed with his narrative, which he was about to do when the cook exclaimed, "Lockyzee, Kit, thee be'st only running thy rigs upon us. Thee didn't'st see the ghost ater thy mistress were downright dead and buried, did'st?"

"Yes, Sally, just exactly as I see you—*quite plain.*"

This joke at the expense of the cook, who

was neither a beauty nor a favourite, was received with a smile, for none of the party were sufficiently recovered from their terrors to be able to laugh outright; and Kit, being apparently apprehensive of some uncourteous retort from the stout-armed wielder of the ladle, immediately resumed his story.

"Let me see — where was I? Oh, my master had just rushed out of doors, helter-skelter, harum-scarum, whiz!—Well, in another quarter of an hour, half the inhabitants of Dorchester were gathered about the premises, with goggle eyes and gabbling tongues; the married men shaking their heads, and declaring that they had never liked burying their wives in vaults, ever since they had read the story of the lady with the diamond ring, that was restored to life by an attempt to pluck it off, and so walked out of the vault, and returned to her husband. The undertaker, who was one of the assemblage,

was quite positive that the deceased had been properly secured, for he had a real regard for the brewer, scorned to do any thing unneighbourly, and had therefore fastened her down with two dozen inch-and-a-half screws, the same quantity that he had employed in the case of his own wife. Doctor Mortlock laughed at the very idea of her revival, declaring that he could answer for her death—(there was some truth in that); the sexton observed, that he would defy any ghost in all England, even with the assistance of an iron crow, to force the door of a vault that opened inwards, as her's did; while the parson, who had been hastily summoned to exorcise the brewer's house, harangued the crowd upon the absurdity of believing in ghosts,—that is to say, where all the fees, dues, claims, and perquisites of the Church had been paid, as was the case in the present instance. In confirmation of his averment,

and to prove to them the folly of such superstitious terrors, he offered to proceed at the head of the assemblage into the haunted chamber. This proposition was accepted: the reverend champion led the forlorn hope; the doctor, the undertaker, and the apothecary followed; and the more resolute of the crew, several of whom had hastily provided themselves with weapons, having brought up the rear, the whole body began to ascend the stairs. Hardly, however, had the leaders entered the apartment, being pushed forwards rather faster than they wished by the clamorous throng behind, when, goblins and griskins! screams and scampering! horrors and hurlothrumbo! the ghost suddenly threw down the bed-clothes, took a terrible leap, and descended upon the closely-crowded heads of the intruders, screaming, scuffling, and scratching in all directions. A shout of terror burst from every mouth; a panic flight

instantly ensued: the stairs were too narrow for the rushing crowd, and helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, down they scrambled, tumbled, screamed, struggled, and rolled over one another, till the house was cleared, when the ghost quietly descended the stairs, snatched two apples out of a basket which an old woman had dropped in the retreat, began to munch one of them with great eagerness, and apparently relishing the taste, scampered home to the house next door, in order that it might finish demolishing them at its leisure."

"Ghost! apples! home next door!" exclaimed all the auditors at once, utterly unable to comprehend this strange and unsatisfactory conclusion of the story.

"Even so, my friends, without any flams or flummery," resumed Kit. "The ghost was a large old baboon belonging to the next door neighbour, which had been in the habit of clambering over the tiles of an out-build-

ing to the apartment of the deceased, who frequently fed it with nuts and biscuits. Finding the window thrown up on the morning after the funeral, the animal had leaped into the room, had arrayed itself in the night-cap which it had seen its benefactress wear, and stationing itself in the bed, had easily been mistaken in the gloom of the half-lighted apartment for the defunct, who, as I told you in the outset of my story, was a little, withered, brown old body, by no means unlike her four-footed representative. And that's the ghost I saw with my own eyes,—the only one I ever did see — the only one I ever expect to see, for I have no faith in the existence of any such uncatchable cattle. And so, cook, let us have a jorum of warm ale and toast before we go to bed, that we may drink confusion to sprites and success to sprightliness; for we'll have no other goblin to-night than the gobbling up of our supper, and only be haunted by the spirits that

are in master's brandy-bottle, which he gave me this morning to fill, and which I forgot to take up-stairs again."

As the vulgar have a decided appetite for the horrible and the supernatural, Kit's auditors were not altogether pleased at this unexpected conclusion of his story; but as they were by no means dissatisfied with his recommendation respecting the ale and the brandy, and proceeded to act upon it with an ardour and perseverance that soon elicited more family secrets than I had ever dreamed of hearing, I found myself presently in a very embarrassing situation. Anxious as I was to check further disclosures, and feeling myself to be humiliated in thus listening to the tattle of servants, I scarcely knew how to escape without placing myself in a still more degrading predicament, and exposing myself to suspicions to which I could not bear to be subjected. No one has a right thus to take

advantage of another, especially of an inferior, and I was justly punished for not having quitted the room the moment I discovered myself to be acting the part of a listener, even without any mean or improper motive. Not knowing, however, how to get well out of the scrape, I remained where I was,—a circumstance which did not by any means tend to place the honesty of my kitchen neighbours in a very exalted point of view. Some observation of the groom, as to Comical Kit's abuse of his access to the cellar, drew forth a retort, from which I gathered that the knight of the currycomb regularly charged for more corn than he received; the cook, dairy-maid, and house-maid bandied attacks and rejoinders of the same nature; and as it seemed to be the object of all parties to secure themselves against mutual impeachment by showing a knowledge of each other's delinquencies, I found that my friend's servants were an

utterly worthless set, unless it might be said that they were well worthy of one another. There was nothing particularly strange in this, nothing very irritating; but when the ungrateful hussies and varlets began to abuse the master whom they were thus unconscientiously plundering, and who is one of the most indulgent of men, I confess that I felt my choler beginning to rise.

We bear the slander of others, however, with a considerable share of philosophy, and I still kept my temper and my incognito without any very great struggle, until I was fated to pay the listener's usual tax by hearing myself handled in a manner that was any thing rather than flattering. I was a stingy old huncks;—old! that was the unkindest cut of *all*. They accused me of not firing off my gun when I came home, in order to save the charge; the vails I gave them at parting were scandalously shabby, (the rogues belied

me by reducing the amount of my customary donatives to one half;) and the cook, judging by my cough and my cadaverous looks, gave it as her decided opinion that I should never quit Wells alive, — a sentiment which drew from the others a simultaneous exclamation of "No great loss neither!"

I am a remarkably mild-tempered man, and I knew these calumnies to be utterly unfounded; but flesh and blood could not bear such audacious ingratitude, and I resolved to punish them in a way calculated to make some durable impression upon their memories. Arraying myself accordingly in my friend's white powdering gown, I put on his horn-eyed mask, twisted my neckcloth around my head in a tall conical form, and in order to give an *éclat* to my entrance worthy of Don Juan's ghostly antagonist, I fired off my gun, when I suddenly threw open the door and stalked into the kitchen!

The scene in the brewer's house at Dorchester, as described by Comical Kit, could scarcely have presented a more instantaneous burst of shrieks, terror, confusion, and agonised flight, in the midst of which I divested myself of my trappings, and making my way to my friend's parlour, related to him every thing that I had heard and seen. All the servants were dismissed next morning, and I was not sorry to have previously proved to the backbiting varlets that upon proper occasion I *could* discharge my gun after I came home; ay, and save the powder and shot too in another form, by withholding from them the present I had usually bestowed upon each. Comical Kit, however, wrung from me his own Honorarium, even against my better judgment, by a parting joke. "Cook was right, after all," said the wag, with a solemn look, "when she prophesied that you would die at Wells."—"How do you make that

out, sirrah?"—"Why, Sir, you must yourself confess, that when you threw off your disguise, you *gave up the ghost.*"

STANZAS

ON MEETING THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBAN'S AFTER AN INTERVAL OF MANY YEARS.

I.

Lady! that sweet and cordial voice,
Unalter'd since I heard it last,
Hath made my 'waken'd heart rejoice
With recollections of the past.

II.

Strange! that a sound so long unheard
Should in the ear's recesses lie;
Strange! that the magic of a word
Should ope the gates of memory.

III.

Yet so it is: I seem'd last night
To live those pleasant days again,
When *I* in dramas took delight,
And *thou* wert of Thalia's train.

IV.

I saw that arch and winning smile,
The sure expositor of mirth,
Which then could fleeting hours beguile,
And banish every care on earth.

V.

I mark'd the mind's vivacious tone,
The ready tact, the feeling heart,
That lent enchantments of their own
E'en to the poet's happiest art.

VI.

That sparkling eye to mind hath brought
Scenes long by memory unexplored;
Hath open'd many a mine of thought;
Hath many a sever'd friend restored.

VII.

Lady! since thus the bard's career
Was gladden'd by thy mirthful skill,
Thou hast attain'd the highest sphere
That rank and princely wealth can fill.

VIII.

I honour rank; I own the power,
The bliss that riches can dispense,
When, as by thee, they're made to shower
A wide and wise munificence.

IX.

But, Lady! with thy pardon, more
And higher homage should be paid
To those rare gifts thou hadst before,
And still possessest undecay'd.

X.

The lively wit without alloy,
The mind acute, the spirits' flow,
The kindly heart that welcomes joy,
Yet melts at every tale of woe.

XI.

These honours which thou ne'er canst waive,
These that no monarch could decree,
Prove that 'twas Nature's self who gave
Thy Patent of Nobility.

MADAME TALLEYRAND AND THE TRAVELLER.

The famous Talleyrand, who knew
The secret of avoiding execution,
And kept his head upon his shoulders, through
All the convulsions of the Revolution,
When heads were cropp'd by the prevailing powers,
Like cauliflowers,
Till they themselves endured the keen
Infliction of the Guillotine,
And made way for another faction,
To undergo the same reaction:—

This Talleyrand possess'd a wife,
Selected in his humbler life,—
A rich bourgeoise of homely breeding,
Neither *bas bleu*, nor *femme savante*,
But rather, as I freely grant,
Deficient in her general reading.

One day—'twas when he stood elate,
Napoleon's minister of state,—
Having invited to his house
Some literati to confer
With a great foreign traveller,
The husband thus address'd his spouse:—
"My dear, at dinner you will meet
A foreigner, a man of note.
These authors like that you should quote
From their own works; therefore, to greet
Our guest, suppose you learn by rote
A sentence here and there, that when
He prates, like other travell'd men,
Of his exploits on land and ocean,
You may not be completely gravell'd,
But have at least some little notion
Of how, and when, and where he travell'd.

Take down his book, you 'll find it yonder;
Its dull contents you need not ponder;
  Read but the headings of the chapters,
Refer to them with praise and wonder,
  And our vain guest will be in raptures."

Madame, resolved to play her part
So as to win the stranger's heart,
Studied the book; but far from dull,
She found it quite delightful,—full
Of marvellous adventures, fraught
With perilous escapes, which wrought
So deep an interest in her mind,
She really was surprised to find,
As to the dinner-room she tripp'd,
How rapidly the time had slipp'd.

The more to flatter and delight her,
  When at the board she took her place,
The famous traveller and writer
  Was seated by her side; the grace
Was hardly said, or soup sent round,
  Ere with a shrug and a grimace,
Eager to show her lore profound,

À la Françoise, she raised her eyes,
And hands, and voice, in ecstasies,—
" *Eh, Monsieur Robinson, mon Dieu,*
Voila un conte merveilleux!
Ah, par exemple! it appals
The mind to think of your attacks
On those terrific cannibals,—
Those horrid savages and blacks,
Who, if they once had gain'd the upper
Hand, had eaten you for supper,
And so prevented your proceeding
With that sweet book I've just been reading.
Mais, quel bonheur! to liberate
Poor FRIDAY from the murd'rous crew,
And gain in your deserted state,
So lonely and disconsolate,
A servant and companion too!"

The visitants were all astounded;
The stranger stared aghast, dumfounded;
Poor Talleyrand blush'd red as flame,
Till having catechised the dame,
The mystery was quickly clear'd:
The simple woman, it appear'd,

Instead of the intended book,
In which she had been urged to look,
From the same shelf contrived to take
Robinson Crusoe by mistake!

ALFADHEL ALDERAMY;

AN ARABIAN TALE.

Presenting things impossible to view,
They wander through incredible to true.

GRANVILLE.

THE periodical rains were over, the beautiful gardens round about Damascus were assuming every hour a more verdant appearance, and as the fervent rays fell upon the moist earth, the spring seemed ready to leap alive out of the ground. Every thing attested the vivifying influence of the season. You could almost see the vegetation bursting into

green life; it became manifest that universal Nature was awaking as if from sleep, opening her eyes in the shape of innumerable flowers, and preparing for a great and joyous change. A poetical fancy might have imagined that the yet undeveloped germs of future beauty and enjoyment anticipated the vernal delights in store for them; that the flowers in the blossom were dreaming of sunshine and rich odours; that the leaves in the bud, thrilling with pleasure as they waved to and fro in the soft breeze, longed to leap out of their close prisons into the sparkling air; that the roots in the ground yearned and stretched themselves upwards, proud beforehand of the superb colours and graceful or stately forms, which would arrest the eye of the passenger when they rose up out of their temporary graves in all their renovated loveliness. Bright and beautiful, and associated with all cheerful and delicious thoughts, is the

infancy of vegetation. Never had the celebrated gardens of Alfadhel Alderamy, the great merchant, worn a more glorious appearance of promise; and yet they retained him not in the noble mansion which they decorated—they scarcely even occupied a place in his thoughts. As he passed pensively through them, he heard not the splashing of the numerous fountains with which they were adorned; he noticed not the alcoves and arbours; the fragrance wafted upon the breeze passed by him unnoticed; his ear was deaf to the songs of the birds, some of which were already warbling amid the palms and acacias, while others were twittering in their dreams, — for as yet the sun had hardly lighted up the towers, and mosques, and minarets of Damascus, or thrown his golden bloom upon the numerous streams that surround it with perpetual music and fertility. For Alfadhel Alderamy the splendours of

nature possessed no charms, the beauties of the most romantic city in the world were utterly lost to his eye; his thoughts, I might almost have said his senses, were with the great caravan which had departed a few hours before for Aleppo, carrying with it no small portion of his fortune in the shape of diamonds and other precious stones; these he had entrusted to the care of his only son Yezid, who had received ample instructions how and where to dispose of them, and had sworn implicit obedience to his father's orders. He loved his son with no common affection; but Yezid was young and giddy, and, as it now seemed to his anxious father, scarcely competent to undertake so important a charge. This misgiving thought had prevented his closing his eyes during the whole night; not a moment's peace had he known since the caravan had departed; and after taking two or three disconsolate turns in his gardens,

he determined to pursue it instantly, that he might accompany Yezid, and assume the care and management of his precious jewels.

Alfadhel possessed a fleet mare, called, in the language of Oriental exaggeration, the Outstripper of the Wind. Perhaps there was little hyperbole in the name; for many an Arabian horse-dealer would seriously maintain, that when she threw the foam from her mouth, she had been known to gallop out of sight before it reached the ground. It is not impossible, however, if these men were like their European brethren, that they might occasionally deviate, in some trifling degree, from the extreme rigour of truth. At all events, the mare was one of surpassing fleetness; and Alfadhel, having thrown himself upon her back, doubted not that he should soon overtake the caravan. His own anxiety being not less urgent than the fiery impatience of his barb, he suffered her to gallop

forward for some hours with unchecked velocity, until, by her exhaustion and panting, the Outstripper of the Wind seemed indeed to have earned her name, and to have left behind her the very air which was required for her respiration. The rider, whose thoughts had gone after the caravan still faster than his barb, no sooner perceived her distress than he reined in the generous animal, and, for the sake of the grateful shade, drew up in a lane overhung with wild figs and tamarinds interspersed with kopals and gum-trees. It was customary with the Arabs at this period, as it had been with the ancient Hebrews, to manufacture a species of sack-cloth from the hair of camels, which they wore at funerals and upon other occasions of sorrow. The numerous camels of the caravan that had lately passed through the narrow defile, having left a portion of their hair upon the hedges, the neighbouring pea-

sants had sent their little children to gather it; and a troop of these half-naked gleaners, with black eyes and curly polls, were busily employed in collecting the spoil. Sun-burnt and tawny, their scanty, discoloured rags harmonised well with the red ochreous bank of earth up which they were climbing; while their glee, their clamours, and their agility, found a marked contrast in the person of a venerable, austere-looking dervise, who, having seated himself cross-legged at the bottom of the bank, retained his immoveable position, blowing his horn whenever a traveller passed, and pointing to his turban on the ground by way of soliciting charity. Alfadhel, having thrown a trifle into it, remained gazing on the scene before him, while his horse took breath; when he was startled by a tittering overhead, and upon looking up he beheld with surprise a group of long-bearded brats perched upon the bough of a

tree, gibbering, and mocking, and mowing at him. His amazement at this inexplicable apparition was probably visible in his countenance; for the urchins beneath, and the juvenile grey-beards above, set up a simultaneous shout of laughter; whereat the bewilderment of Alfadhel was beginning to kindle into wrath, when the dervise, propitiated by the alms he had received, informed him that the frolicksome urchins, after having satiated their appetites with some wild honey which they had discovered, had smeared their chins with it, and, by applying to them the camels' hair they had been sent to collect, had presently provided themselves with most venerable-looking beards.

"How merry!" exclaimed Alfadhel, who perhaps thought it necessary to moralize in talking to a dervise,—"how merry are these little thoughtless varlets, never dreaming that what they are now gathering in joy and

laughter shall be worn in sorrow and steeped in tears, perhaps even by themselves!"

"If we may call the man a sorry baker," replied the dervise, "who should dislike sweet honey because it makes sour bread; so I hold him to be a sour philosopher who sighs at the sight of present happiness lest it may become future bitterness and woe. Grown-up children with long beards sometimes employ themselves exactly like those youngsters, and gather and heap up in glee that which they shall wear in lamentation."

"Nay, did not our holy Prophet," resumed Alfadhel, "pass his whole life in collecting the materials of sackcloth, when he declared upon his death-bed that all his days had been sorrow and vexation?"

"Let us not the less enjoy our happiness when it comes," answered the dervise, "but receive it as the earth does the refreshing showers, when she instantly sparkles in

brighter colours, throws up a thousand grateful odours to heaven, and wears a countenance of gladness, as if drought and wintry weather were never to visit her again."

"It is pleasanter to hear the words of truth from the mouth of the wise," said Alfadhel, "than to catch the sound of the rivulet when crossing the parched wilderness." But, pleasant as it was, he seemed to think it still more delightful to overtake his jewels; wherefore, observing that his mare had in some degree recovered her breath, he resumed his journey, and, passing through the defile, presently emerged into the vast plain. At its extremity, upon the very verge of the horizon, he could distinguish a great cloud of dust, which, interposing between the sun's rays and himself, rolled up to heaven like the red smoke of a conflagration. Not doubting that it was occasioned by the caravan of which he was in pursuit,

he struck out of the high road into the wilderness on his right, trusting that the well-known speed and vigour of his horse would enable him to reach his object much sooner than if he followed the beaten track, which described a considerable circuit. Swiftly and gallantly did his noble steed bear him onwards, making way through the tangled overgrowth on the sterile champaigne of the wilderness, as if she gathered up strength from the ground as she galloped over it: but Alfadhel soon discovered that he had widely miscalculated the distance; for, though the dust that he was following still remained in sight, he plunged deeper and deeper into the waste, without appearing to gain upon it; and his own strength—for, in the hurry of his departure, he had neglected to provide himself with sustenance—began to prove inadequate to the vehemence of his exertions. To add to his distress, the fierce rays of a Syrian

sun darted incessantly upon his head, and he was tormented with an almost intolerable thirst; still he pressed on, seeing no human being, nor even a single beast or bird, in his progress, until, to his infinite amazement, he beheld at some distance before him what appeared to be an old man washing his scythe in a pool of water. The prospect of appeasing his thirst was so delightful, that he scarcely bestowed a second glance at the figure, who, having thrown his scythe over his shoulder, had now resumed his way across the wilderness. On reaching the brink of the pool, Alfadhel dismounted, when he observed that the water was turbid and of a sanguine hue, and that his mare, after smelling to it for a second, turned away and refused to taste it. His own sufferings, however, not allowing him to be so squeamish, he threw himself upon the ground and quaffed eagerly; but no sooner was his immediate

agony appeased than he hastily arose, filled with sickness and loathing at the indescribably nauseous taste of what he had been drinking. Still it had removed his most distressing sensations: he felt refreshed for the moment, and, again mounting his mare, pursued his journey, confident that he should now be able to overtake the caravan without requiring any farther sustenance. His course being the same as that taken by the old man, he observed as he drew nearer to him, that what had before seemed to be an enveloping cloak assumed the appearance of a shroud or winding-sheet; and that the figure in its progress did not move its legs, but floated along the surface of the ground like a vapour or an apparition. Undaunted as he was by nature, an unaccountable awe took possession of Alfadhel's faculties: his blood thrilled and ran cold through his veins; and even the mare, sharing her rider's perturbation, shook

violently as she started into a furious gallop, sidling away from the old man, and passing him with every look of terror. As the wind blew aside from the figure part of its lower garments, Alfadhel beheld two skeleton legs flitting steadily forward, but not moving as if in the action of walking; and at the same moment, the head being slowly turned towards him, the sharp lipless fangs and the eyeless sockets of a skull grinned, and gnashed, and glared hideously upon him.

Almost withered at the sight, and filled with an unutterable dismay and horror, then first did he recollect to have heard that Death was in the habit of frequenting the pool in the wilderness to wash his polluted scythe after any great mortality, and that those who subsequently tasted the pestiferous water became infected with all the complicated diseases of his recent victims. The blood-stained hue — the empoisoned feculence — the

loathsome taste of the pool, were now all explained: he had been swallowing down the most hideous maladies at every mouthful; he had at that moment a hundred horrible deaths within him. As this conviction flashed upon his maddened mind, he shivered all over; his teeth chattered audibly in his head; his hair bristled up; his heart seemed to be frozen within him; and immediately after, the arrested blood again bursting into its channels, his veins swelled, he was covered with a profuse perspiration—clammy drops oozed from every pore, his eyes became distended and red. A dizziness and universal abandonment, or rather perversion, of his senses succeeded. Hollow murmurs rang in his ears, which, though they could no longer distinguish the noise of his horse's hoofs, were appalled with imaginary groans, and shrieks of anguish, and maniac yells, and all the various cries of agony which, in

the dismal purlieus of a lazar-house, make the very echoes shudder. The taste of death was in his mouth, and the sepulchral smell of it within his nostrils; for the free air of the wilderness was converted into the noisome stench of a charnel-house. But, amid all the trials that he was fated to endure, his distorted vision proved to be his keenest curse. At first, as a thick film spread itself before his eyes and gradually shut out every external object, he was merely condemned to the misery of galloping along, he knew not whither, in total blindness; but shortly he discovered that by some inexplicable process his optics, although they no longer took cognizance of the world without, had acquired the fearful power of gazing inwards upon his own frame. He beheld revealed to his unwilling and revolted gaze all the mysterious functions and movements of his inner man: he could trace the previously inscrutable

connexion between volition and muscular movement; he could penetrate the arcana of the nervous system; he could discern and develope all the hidden laws of our corporeal being; but that which filled him at once with terror and disgust was the observation, that all the organs of his frame were withering, morbid, or deranged. The poisonous waters of the pool had been frightfully rapid in their operation: the languid heart panted slowly and with difficulty; the discoloured liver struggled in vain to perform its functions; thick and turbid, the blood flowed sluggishly through the veins; livid spots, here and there, indicated that disease had assumed a mortal character. It was manifest that the mysterious organization which constitutes life was about to be decomposed and resolved into its first elements. Alfadhel counted the pulsations of his own heart as he gazed upon it with a thrilling intentness,

for he began to think that every throb of his bosom would be the last.

For a moment all was dark,—he saw nothing: his faculties were suspended; and when their perverted power returned, it seemed as if his eye had revolved upon its axis, and that he was now looking inwards upon his own brain. All the inscrutable mysteries of that exquisite membrane were laid bare to his piercing vision, which was enabled to separate the physical from the moral; to detect how mind and matter acted and reacted upon each other; how thought, sense, and motion sprang from various combinations of medullary matter. The separate birthplaces of the judgment, the memory, and the imagination, and the process of their occasional fusion into one another, sometimes total and undistinguishable, sometimes allowing the predominance of one or other of the constituent elements, were visibly displayed

before him. But that which amazed and interested him the most was to see the different passions of the human mind, each inhabiting a separate cell of the brain, and each personified and enlarged to his distempered eye, until it assumed the human size and form. Love sat at the entrance of his grotto, painting every thing that he gazed upon in the brightest and most flattering colours; although when Jealousy, who occupied the next recess, turned his green eyes towards him, they cast such a hideous hue upon his drawing, that he shook his wings, and more than once threatened to fly to the opposite cell, whence Hatred looked out with a scowling and malignant visage. Rage stood at the door of his dwelling, raving like a maniac, and striking at random with his weapon, which fortunately did little injury, since, by his hasty and injudicious management of it, he had blinded himself at the outset.

Revenge lurked among the gloomy caverns, gnawing his own heart, and looking wistfully at Despair, who was lifting a bowl of poison to her lips, although Pity, with tears and supplications, implored her to desist; and Hope, pointing to the figure of Happiness in a distant cell, endeavoured to dazzle the eyes of the sufferer by continually turning towards her the bright side of a reflecting-glass. Fear ran and hid herself at the appalling sight; Joy threw down his goblet, and ceased his jocund roundelay; and all seemed to be affected by the spectacle except Religion, who, on her knees apart, with eyes fixed on Heaven, and thoughts outpoured in prayer, appeared, in her communion with the skies, to find a solace for every touch of woe.

A period of blank oblivion succeeded to this mental phantasmagoria; on his recovery from which, Alfadhel found himself stretched upon the ground, without knowing when or

how he had fallen from his mare, which was no longer visible. Probably his insensibility had continued for some time, for the sun was now setting; and the diseases with which the waters of the pool had impregnated his whole system had made terrific progress in the interval. His agonies were of a contradictory nature, and became more acute from their sudden contrast and apparent incompatibility. From the sensation of a raging fever, burning in his very bones, and sending liquid fire through every vein, he would change to the torments of cold, acute rheumatism, while his whole frame shivered, and his teeth rattled in his head, as if his heart's blood were frozen. Cholic and acute inflammations of the most sensitive organs were instantly succeeded by the pangs of ague, dropsy, asthma, and palsy. Paralysis and apoplexy, torturing cramps, cancers and convulsions, aches and

epilepsy, nausea and swoonings, inflicted their separate anguish just long enough to be individualized, when they were supplanted by some new and still more torturing torment; while night-mare, hypochondria, and all the ghostly and spectral abominations of delirium, haunted his imagination, as if it were decreed that the sufferings of his mind should equal, if possible, those of his writhing body.

The wretched Alfadhel, casting his eyes despairingly about him, beheld at a little distance a ruined building, towards which he crawled, in the hope of protecting himself from the wild beasts,—at least until his death, which he now considered to be rapidly approaching. Not without difficulty and many groans and screams of pain did he succeed in ensconcing himself, with his drawn scymetar in his hand, behind a heap of rubbish in one corner of the dilapidated structure,

where he had scarcely remained five minutes when, to his utter amazement and consternation, he saw two armed men enter the place, leading between them his son Yezid blindfolded and pinioned. From their conversation he gathered that they formed part of a band of robbers, who, having attacked and overmastered the caravan, had spared the life of his son upon his promise of giving up to them the valuable jewels carefully concealed about his person; and had brought him to the ruin to disburthen him of his hidden treasures. One by one, as their prisoner told them where to search, did they make the most rare and costly gems emerge from the folds of his innermost garments, and deposit them in a small leather bag; Alfadhel feeling all the while, that, in addition to his other miseries, they were thus reducing him to a comparative state of poverty, although, even if his sore sickness had al-

lowed him to interfere, his doing so would only have been the signal of death both to himself and Yezid. Well convinced of this, he continued to watch their proceedings in a transfixed silence, until the robbers, having despoiled their prisoner of all that he possessed, retired to the back of the cave, and seating themselves on the pile of rubbish immediately before Alfadhel, began to converse in a low whisper. One suggested to the other, that as their prisoner, in spite of his most solemn protestations, probably retained about his person the most valuable of his gems, the only way to secure their prize was to murder him, leave his body in the ruin, and carry off his clothes that they might rip them open at their leisure. To this atrocious proposition his companion yielding an immediate assent, they drew their daggers, and began to steal slowly towards the blindfolded Yezid. Danger, and even death itself, no longer possessed a

particle of terror for the affectionate and agonized father: he tried to brandish his sword, to rush forward, to scream out; but stiffened and transfixed, either from the horror of the scene, or from the effect of the waters of the pool, his faculties refused to act; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; not a muscle of his body would move. This paroxysm enchained him until he saw them raising their daggers, when, his suspended energies returning to him in one concentrated rush, he uttered an unearthly shriek that echoed for miles around, and springing into the air like a tiger, descended with his naked scymetar in his hand between the assassins and his beloved son. The fiercest tiger would not have been half so terrible to them as this appalling apparition; at sight of which they burst out of the ruins with a shout of terror, leaving the bag of jewels behind them.

Alfadhel had just strength enough left to

cut his son's fetters with his weapon, and to murmur out, "The mare! the mare!—mount her, dearest Yezid, and fly!" when he fainted away. His son, who had instantly torn the bandage from his eyes, concluding from these words that the animal was at no great distance, blew a whistle that hung around his neck, and the mare, refreshed by pasture and repose, came presently bounding and neighing to the ruins. Yezid, having secured the bag of jewels in his bosom, contrived to place his father upon the mare's back, mounted behind him, and as he did not know where he was, and the night had moreover fallen dark around them, he let the reins fall upon the animal's back, trusting to her well-known sagacity to find the way to Damascus. His reliance was not misplaced: before the sun arose, Alfadhel was in bed in his own mansion, attended by two of the most eminent physicians. Seve-

ral weeks elapsed before he was completely restored to health; but the former weakness of his mind did not return with the renovated strength of his body.—Alfadhel Alderamy was an altered man. Forswearing the mercantile anxieties and avarice which had hitherto saddened his life, he devoted himself to the embellishment of his delicious gardens, to the contemplation of the beauties of nature, to charitable practices, and to the observance of a cheerful piety. "Let us never repine, my son," he exclaimed to Yezid, "at the dispensations of Providence, for the most menacing of our apparent afflictions will often prove to be concealed blessings. Behold! did I not impiously murmur at my inability to overtake the caravan?—at the calamities with which I was visited after having tasted the waters of the pool? Lo! they were the means by which both our lives were preserved, and

even my treasure rescued from the grasp of the robbers. When the voice of the Lord is heard in thunder, when the frowning heavens are dark and lash the earth with rain, what is the result of their seeming anger? Do they not shower down future flowers and verdure?—does not every drop sow perfume and beauty in the ground? Blessed, even thus, is the storm of sorrow that falls upon our heads, if it serve to bring forth in our hearts the undeveloped fruits of resignation and virtue; and since we are too blind to distinguish good from evil, or to detect the hidden consequences of either, our ignorance may at least teach us this single knowledge—that, whatever happens, it is equally vain and impious to repine at the will of Heaven.

TO THE FURZE BUSH.

I.

Let Burns and old Chaucer unite
The praise of the Daisy to sing,—
Let Wordsworth of Celandine write,
And crown her the Queen of the Spring;
The Hyacinth's classical fame
Let Milton embalm in his verse;
Be mine the glad task to proclaim
The charms of untrumpeted Furze!

II.

Of all other bloom when bereft,
And Sol wears his wintery screen,
Thy sunshining blossoms are left
To light up the common and green.

O why should they envy the peer
His perfume of spices and myrrhs,
When the poorest their senses may cheer
With incense diffused from the Furze?

III.

It is bristled with thorns, I confess;
But so is the much-flatter'd Rose:
Is the Sweetbriar lauded the less
Because amid prickles it grows?
'Twere to cut off an epigram's point,
Or disfurnish a knight of his spurs,
If we foolishly wish'd to disjoint
Its arms from the lance-bearing Furze.

IV.

Ye dabblers in mines, who would clutch
The wealth which their bowels enfold,
See! Nature, with Midas-like touch,
Here turns a whole common to gold.
No niggard is she to the poor,
But distributes whatever is hers,
And the wayfaring beggar is sure
Of a tribute of gold from the Furze.

v.

Ye worldlings! learn hence to divide
Your wealth with the children of want,
Nor scorn, in your fortune and pride,
To be taught by the commonest plant.
If the wisest new wisdom may draw
From things humble, as reason avers;
We too may receive Heaven's law,
And beneficence learn from the Furze!

THE POET'S WILL.

To all great Bards instruction giving
How to shun posthumous confusion
By an appropriate distribution
Of their last relics while they 're living.

In Superstition's darkling day,
When priests held undisputed sway,
And their besotted flocks entreated,
To be bamboozled, fleeced, and cheated,

Whene'er a famous saint put off his
Mortality, his brother jugglers
Pounced on his bones like cunning smugglers,
And every joint would metamorphose
Into a relic rare, with which
They wrought strange miracles of wonder,
Adapted to extort fresh plunder
From all believers, poor or rich.
Like modern farmers who manure
Their ground with bones, it might be said
These monks were able to procure
By means of bones their daily bread.
A single eye-tooth has been known
To make a hundred grinders dine,
And many a worthless temporal bone
Has proved an everlasting mine.
So that each scrap, it might be thought,
From Midas's remains was brought,
And still possess'd its function old
Of turning what it touch'd to gold.

Credulity no longer fosters
Such hypocritic rank impostors;
We've stripp'd the wolves that wore sheeps' clothing,
And view them now with scorn and loathing.

While modern miracles we deem
A fraud or self-deluding dream,
We laugh contemptuously at those
Who credited Prince Hohenlohe's,
Or thought Joanna would give birth
To Shiloh, and regenerate earth;
While with unbounded scorn we view
The knavish priests of Naples, who
Their annual miracle make good
By Januarius's blood.

Talent and genius, artist, bard,
Now claim the posthumous regard
And reverence that we lavish'd once
On every sanctimonious dunce
Who cheated man and maker both,
And fatten'd upon lies and sloth.
To prove what change in this respect
The march of intellect hath wrought,
Behold! how rival realms have sought
Canova's relics to collect.
Possagno, as his native town,
Illustrious in her son's renown,
Within the church himself design'd,
His corpse hath sumptuously enshrined.

At Venice is his heart inurn'd
In a proud cenotaph;—the hand
Whose works were famed through every land,
The Academy of Arts hath earn'd;
While others in reversion claim
These relics of undying fame.

Moved by these statements,—recollecting
How cities fought for Homer dead,
Through which in life he begg'd his bread,
And very modestly expecting
There may be fiercer fighting for
My mortal relics when I 'm dead,—
In order to prevent a war,
Which throughout half the world might spread,
I think it both humane and wise
My goods corporeal to devise
By law, which is the full intent
Of this last Will and Testament.

Sound in my mind, in health unhurt, I
This first of April, eighteen thirty,
Bequeath my chattels—*ne quid nimis,*
To wit—videlicet—Imprimis,

Two clever carvers shall agree
My joint Executors to be.
My club of hair, it 's not a big one,
I leave to the Whig Club at Wigan ;
My baldness to the toiling calf
Who writes my life and epitaph.
Item—My brains I leave to fill
The vacuum within the sconces
Of those incorrigible dunces
Who storm'd and raved against the bill
For Catholic Emancipation,
And swore 'twould madden half the nation.
My gouty leg I give and spare
To the Thames Tunnel evermore,
Because it is a lame affair,
Expensive, and a monstrous bore.
Let my two marrowbones beneath
The church at Marybone be laid ;
And when my lips are sick in death,
Let them to Lipsick be convey'd.
My muscles, when I 'm dead, I give
To the first Mussulman alive,
Videlicet—the Sultan :—all
My supercilium, spleen, and gall

To the Reviewers; and because
(As may be seen in this bequest)
I sometimes give what's wanted least,
I leave, by an especial clause,
To friend Tom Hood my funny bone,
Though much inferior to his own.

Item—I give my useless jaw
For ever to the Courts of Law;
My skull, when empty, (not till then,)
Unto the Court of Aldermen;
One leg, as far as horny heel,
Unto Leghorn; my ham to Ham;
One calf to the Hotel de Ville
At Paris; the rémains that cram
My chest and trunk—they are not very
Precious—shall be left to Bury;
The town of Liverpool may claim
Liver and blood, by right of name;
And 'tis my wish that Worms may be
Residuary legatee.
I give, my friendship to evince,
Unto Beau L——— my elbow, since

He loves to shake his own so dearly,
It must be out of joint or nearly.
My hands—no—I 'll defer that clause;
'Tis right to pause upon one's paws.
Lastly, I formally bestow
My tongue upon the Speaker.—So,
Having disposed of every object,
Now with your leave I 'll leave—the subject.

COUNT ALESSANDRO.

He, all unarm'd,
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy demoniac holds. MILTON.

THE Count took out his watch and laid it on the marble table, beside the loaded pistol; exclaiming in a voice of sullen desperation, "It still wants five minutes of midnight—I have still five minutes to live. It is well, it is well! At that dark and solemn hour, while

every eye is closed, and the howling elements incite to desperation, the fatal deed shall be accomplished!" He walked twice up and down the splendid chamber, sighed deeply, wiped the starting perspiration from his brow, and then ejaculated: "Let me gaze once more upon this world that I am so soon about to quit for ever; alas! my heart still clings to it."—Opening the window, he looked out. In the intervals of the storm, flashes of moonlight revealed to him the stately towers and palaces of Venice, leaping as it were from amid the gleaming waters in which they were set, and then suddenly enwrapped in an impervious gloom; while the howling of the wind and the muttering of the distant thunder lent new horrors to the darkness. "Methinks the menacing and distorted face of Nature expresses its abhorrence of my meditated crime," continued the Count. "I will gaze no more. Wretch that I am! whither am I

going? I may be rushing into a world of ten times greater misery than this!"

His eye glanced upon the watch; the hand was upon the appointed hour: he started and turned pale, for at this moment the great clock of the ducal palace solemnly announced the hour of midnight. "Hark! hark!" he exclaimed in a low shuddering voice: "I am summoned. Now—now is the moment! O Heaven, forgive me! He grasped the pistol and fell upon his knees. A ghastly horror sate upon his features; his teeth were clenched; his blood-shot and straining eyes were fixed and motionless; his trembling hand pointed the weapon to his temple, and he was on the very point of discharging its deadly fire when he felt his arm arrested, and the pistol fell from his hand.

Looking suddenly round and beholding a stranger by his side, he started and rose from his kneeling posture; but, owing to the vio-

lence of his emotions, it was some moments before he could find utterance. "Who are you?" he at length cried; "whence come you? how did you gain admittance?"

"Rash and sinful mortal!" exclaimed the stranger in a mild but solemn voice; "I came to save you from the commission of the worst of crimes. For this intervention pour forth eternal gratitude to Heaven.—You tremble, you gaze upon me with apprehension. Be not alarmed, but accompany me instantly and in silence."

He took the arm of the Count and led him gently forwards. Without being touched, the doors slowly opened, and closed again when they had passed. They descended the stairs, crossed the great hall; the portals expanded; they quitted the palace. In a few moments the Count found himself at the water-side, and followed his conductor into a boat. Instantly the bark was in rapid

motion without any visible cause of impulse: the deeply furrowed waters foamed as it darted through them; and before he had time to recover from his trance of astonishment, they had reached the opposite shore and disembarked. Again they moved silently forwards, nor had many minutes elapsed ere the Count, aghast with wonder, discovered that the spot on which he was standing was a desolate heath which he knew to be several miles distant from the sea. The dark clouds that had been sweeping athwart the heavens were now for a while dispersed, and the moon, bursting forth in full splendour, disclosed the features of the surrounding scene. It was an extensive waste of a wild and rugged aspect, unbroken by a habitation or a tree, except a large and venerable cypress flourishing in solitary grandeur on the spot where they stood. Cold blew the wind as it whistled mournfully around; the rustling leaves hurried by them;

the Count started at the moving shadow of the cypress as its branches were shaken by the sudden gust. In silent, fearful expectation he observed the stranger, who had sunk upon his knees and remained earnestly engaged in prayer. Having completed his devotions, he arose and drew from beneath his robe a large volume of curious and antique form, which he unclasped, and carefully laid open in such a manner that the light shone full upon it. It was not impressed with characters of any kind, and the Count began to wonder why it should be thus mysteriously unfolded to the moon, when he observed it suddenly irradiated by a blueish flame bursting from its centre, which, slowly expanding, in a short time covered the surface with an uniform and vivid light. The stranger seemed to exult; and the Count, whose eyes were riveted to the volume, beheld with increased astonishment that its lambent surface

was now spangled with stars of a dazzling brilliancy, exhibiting a beautiful and accurate miniature of the heavenly bodies. The planets and their satellites, the constellations and inferior stars, were minutely depicted. Each rolled sedately across the mysterious volume; and each, on arriving at a certain spot, became stationary; and having been inspected by the stranger, resumed its progress.

Some time had thus elapsed when a large and fiery star became fixed like the others; and as he stooped to examine it, a red shadow suddenly overspread the volume. Gazing upwards to discover the cause, the Count with horror and astonishment beheld a bloody and extended hand slowly pass across the face of the moon. At the same instant a loud explosion took place, and the book was shivered in a thousand pieces.

"Ahael! Ahael! — impious, audacious Ahael!" exclaimed the stranger in a loud

voice; and seizing the arm of the Count, who had sunk upon his knees almost fainting with terror, he continued: "Be not dismayed: look up: your perseçutor, your tempter, is discovered. Behold before you the being whose dark and horrid machinations have steeped your soul in guilt!"

In fear and trembling the Count looked upwards, and lo! his tempter stood before him, exhibiting the same appearance as when he had last parted from him.

"Accursed fiend!" exclaimed the stranger, "resume thy proper form!" Scarcely had the words passed his lips when a tremendous blast was heard,—a furious wind almost deprived the Count of breath,—the earth shook beneath his feet, and sent forth hollow terrific groans. Supporting himself from falling by the arm of the stranger, he again fearfully looked up and beheld a sight that petrified him with awe and horror. It was Ahael!!

A dæmon stood before him!! He viewed the magnificent and awful ruins of an angel, once glorious and lovely; now, dark, scathed, and degraded. Of more than mortal stature, his figure had not lost its angelic majesty, nor his limbs their beautiful and polished symmetry; but his face was darkened and distorted by guilt, anguish, and malignity. From his shoulders the wings had been long burnt away, and the locks that once waved adown his graceful neck in ringlets of celestial gold now rendered his aspect more hideous by their scorched and blackened fragments. Through his transparent glassy eyes appeared the fires bickering within him, which flashed with a fierceness indescribably terrific. The imprisoned element by which he was doomed to be eternally consuming, yet unconsumed, had forced a vent through his temples; to conceal which, and at the same time to display a bitter mockery of

Heaven, he had placed upon his brow a celestial crown, into whose hollow circle the flames were guided, and escaping at four different points, united themselves above his head in a bright and unremitting blaze. Disdain and fury sate upon his features, imparting to their beauty a character indescribably terrific.

Turning away his eyes, the Count found that the horror inspired by this fallen spirit was universal. "O Heaven, protect me!" he ejaculated, as he remarked that all nature shuddered at the sight of the infernal visitor; and he trembled lest the earth should endeavour by some powerful convulsion to rid itself of his presence. The heavenly bodies refused to shine upon this accursed being: the moon started and hastily sunk down beneath dark rolling clouds; every star became suddenly quenched, and a deep universal gloom overspread the face of heaven.

By the ghastly light however transmitted through his form, and by the brighter blaze of his fiery crown, the Count was enabled to perceive that the abhorrence he excited was not confined to inanimate Nature. He discerned the stags rushing with terrified impetuosity across the heath, and heard the howling of other animals as they sullenly retreated from their dens. The branches of the cypress were violently agitated: every thing living and dead shuddered at the sight of the dæmon: the winds howled around his head; the grass was blasted beneath his foot!

From the countenance and gestures of the fiend, the Count now observed that he was communicating with the stranger. Neither of them spoke: they conversed only with the eyes, through whose silent operation they evidently effected a perfect interchange of ideas. It was the language of spirits. Rage and indignation suddenly fired the features

of the dæmon: his eyes flashed fury; he erected his towering form, and, frowning menacingly upon the Count, was about to step forwards, when the stranger stretched forth a small cross, from whose extremity a flame instantly burst, and forming a circle round the fiend at some distance from the ground, confined him within its hot and blazing ring. His arm dropped powerless; he uttered a shout of rage and terror, staggered, and supported himself upon his spear. Again the stranger addressed him through the medium of his eyes: he appeared to be commanding something which the spirit refused with fury and disdain; upon which the former put forth his hand, and the fiery circle closed nearer to its prisoner. For the third time the stranger looked his commands, but the dæmon still spurned submission; and the former was on the point of raising his arm to close the burning ring upon its victim, when the counte-

nance of the dæmon changed;—it became filled with terror and submission; he shuddered. A loud blast was heard; the ground rocked beneath the feet of the Count; the dæmon suddenly disappeared, and he beheld nothing but the burnt and blighted spot on which he had stood.

Ere he had time to recover from the emotions excited by this strange and awful scene, his conductor seized his arm and led him back towards the sea. Filled as his mind was with the deepest and most awful sensations, he could not avoid marking the rapid revolution in the face of nature since the disappearance of the fiend. Shedding a lustre more than usually sweet and glorious, the moon resumed her stately march; while the stars, her sparkling handmaids, seemed to glitter with renovated brilliance as if exulting in her restoration. A fresh and balmy air fanned the Count and his conductor as they

passed along; the sky was unclouded; the fields, robed with dew, wore a bright and lively aspect; the flowers were beginning to exhale their sweets; the melody of birds became audible, and the distant east was streaked with the blushes of morning. While the Count was yet admiring the recovered beauties of nature, he found himself at the water's side, and followed his conductor into a boat, which was darted through the waves by the same invisible impulse as before. On presenting himself before his palace, the portals expanded as at his departure; he ascended the stairs, the stranger still holding his arm; and entered his own apartment, where he sunk into a chair, overcome by a thousand contending feelings.

Agitation and the vehemence of his emotions had hitherto prevented his looking attentively upon the stranger. He did so now, and observed with astonishment that he was

not only attired in a sable dress, but that his face and hands were dark as those of an Ethiop, and that he brandished a strange instrument, the extremity of which was bristled like the back of a porcupine. "Mysterious being!" he exclaimed, "tell me, I conjure you, who and what are you?"

"Please your honour," replied the stranger in a gruff voice, while he made an awkward bow and scraped his foot along the floor, "I'm the sweep! and I hopes you 'll give me summat handsome for putting out this here fire in your chimney, which might have been an ugly job if I hadn't happened to be passing by."

The stranger spoke nothing but the truth. Count Alessandro, who was at an inn at Harwich, had been cleaning his pistols, and reading a wild demoniacal story, of which the scene was laid at Venice, when he fell fast asleep. At this juncture the chimney took

fire, the flames of which, combined with the recollection of the pistol he had just loaded, and the spectral tale he had been perusing, had conjured up to his imagination the frightful dream we have recorded, and which left such a vivid impression upon his mind that even when he awoke he could hardly believe that he was at the Six Cups Inn at Harwich, and that the sable figure before him was neither more nor less than a mortal chimney-sweeper.

THE PLEASURES OF BRIGHTON:

A NEW SONG BY THE CIVIC VISITANTS.

I.

HERE's fine Mrs. Hoggins from Aldgate,
Miss Dobson and Deputy Dump,
Mr. Spriggins has left Norton-Falgate,
And so has Sir Christopher Crump.

From Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and Wapping,
Miss Potts, Mr. Grub, Mrs. Keats,
In the waters of Brighton are popping,
Or killing their time in its streets.
And it's O! what will become of us?
Dear! the Vapours and Blue-
Devils will seize upon some of us
If we have nothing to do.

II.

This here, ma'am, is Sally, my daughter,
Whose shoulder has taken a start;
And, they tell me, a dip in salt water
Will soon make it straight as a dart:—
Mr. Banter assured Mrs. Mumps,
(But he's always a-playing his fun,)
That the camel that bathes with two humps
Very often comes out with but one.
And it's O! &c.

III.

And here is my little boy Jacky,
Whose godfather gave me a hint,
That by salt-water baths in a crack he
Would cure his unfortunate squint.

Mr. Yellowly 's looking but poorly,—
It isn't the jaundice, I hope;
Would you recommend bathing? O surely,
And let him take——plenty of soap.
And it's O! &c.

IV.

Your children torment you to jog 'em
On donkeys that stand in a row;
But the more you belabour and flog 'em,
The more the cross creatures won't go.
T' other day, ma'am, I thump'd and I cried,
And my darling roar'd louder than me,
But the beast wouldn't budge till the tide
Had bedraggled me up to the knee!
And it's O! &c.

V.

On the Downs you are like an old jacket
Hung up in the sunshine to dry;
In the town you are all in a racket,
With donkey-cart, whiskey, and fly.

We have seen the Chain Pier, Devil's Dyke,
The Chalybeate Spring, Rottingdean,
And the Royal Pagoda, how like
Those bedaub'd on a tea-board or screen!
And it's O! &c.

VI.

We have pored on the sea till we're weary,
And lounged up and down on the shore
Till we find all its gaiety dreary,
And taking our pleasure a bore.
"There's nothing so charming as Brighton,"
We cry as we're scampering down;
But we look with still greater delight on
The day that we go back to town.
For it's O! what will become of us?
Dear! the Vapours and Blue-
Devils will seize upon some of us
If we have nothing to do.

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THE MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

HEARD you that piercing shriek—the throe
Of fear and agonizing woe?
It is a mother who with wild
Despairing looks and gasping breath
Thinks she beholds her only child
Extended on the floor in death!—
That darling Babe whose natal cry
Had thrill'd her heart with ecstasy,
As with baptizing tears of bliss
Her nestling treasure she bedew'd,
Then clasp'd him with a silent kiss,
And heavenward look'd her gratitude:—
That darling Babe who, while he press'd
His rose-bud lips around her breast,
Would steal an upward glance, and bless
With smiles his mother's tenderness;

Confining laughter to his eyes,
Lest he should lose the teeming prize :—
That darling Babe who, sleeping, proved,
More than when waking, how she loved.
Then was her ever watchful ear
Prepared to catch the smallest noise,
Which sometimes hope and sometimes fear
Would liken to her infant's voice.
With beating heart and timid flush,
On tiptoe to his cot she crept,
Lifting the curtain with a hush,
To gaze upon him as he slept.
Then would she place his outstretch'd arm
Beside his body, close and warm ;
Adjust his scatter'd clothes aright,
And shade his features from the light,
And look a thousand fond caressings,
And move her lips in speechless blessings,
Then steal away with eyes that glisten,
Again to linger round and listen.
Oh ! can she bear to think that he
Whom she has loved so tenderly,
Her only earthly hope and stay,
For ever should be wrench'd away ?

No, no!—to such heart-withering grief
Oblivion brings a short relief:
She hears no sound, all objects swim
Before her sight confused and dim;
She feels each sickening sense decay,
Sinks shudd'ring down, and faints away!

Her child revives,—its fit is o'er;
When with affrighted zeal it tries
By voice and kisses to restore
The mother's slumb'ring faculties;
Till nature's tides with quicken'd force
Resume their interrupted course:
Her eyes she opens, sees her boy,
Gazes with sense-bewilder'd start,
Utters a thrilling cry of joy,
Clasps him in transport to her heart,
Stamps kisses on his mouth, his cheek,
Looks up to heaven, and tries to speak;
But voice is drown'd in heaving throbs,
Outgushing tears, and gasping sobs!

ADVENTURE OF A LONDON TRAVELLER.

Take heed—have open eyes, for thieves do foot by night. SHAKSPEARE.

ALTHOUGH it may not occupy any very exalted rank in public estimation, there are perhaps few modes of active life more cheerful and pleasurable than the occupation of a commercial traveller. I mean the personage strictly and literally so termed, who, with a brace of saddle-bags, or a couple of dromedary-like bumps, traverses the country on horseback from one extremity to the other, exhibiting samples, procuring orders, and collecting debts for some substantial house in the city of London. Such has been my

occupation for many years, and I would not change situation with my employers, though I believe them to be as opulent and as much respected as any firm upon 'Change. We travellers are the only representatives of your ancient knights-errant;—the only trading amateurs who combine business with pleasure; variety, air, exercise and health, with debts and day-books, samples, shipping, and shop-keeping. If a man of this sort be fond of natural scenery, who can enjoy it in such diversity, and with so leisurely a luxury? If he delight in studying human nature, who has more pregnant opportunities? He passes not through the country like a stage-coachman, conversant only with its external features, but dives into the heart of its society in his daily negociations with its natives, and in his cosmopolitan and comprehensive views is enabled, much better than the philosopher in his closet, to compare, contrast, and relish

the never-ending diversities of individual and collective character. Collision and observation make him, even in spite of himself, a citizen of the world. His Cockneyism, if he had any, forsakes him after the first journey; his views become general and elemental, and he looks down from the high table-land of his own calm mind upon the moral as well as the material landscape, both of which seem to be outspread before him for his special observation and amusement. I assume his mind to be calm, for he is only an agent; he has the stimulus of business and the excitement of hope, without the constant cares of the one, or the painful disappointment of the other.

He is not, however, the constituent of an unimportant brotherhood; for the 'Travellers' Society is a respectable and wealthy body, whose occasional dinners may vie with those of the proudest corporation in elegance and

hilarity. Individually we have most of us a horse of our own, (I would not sell mine for a hundred guineas,) and collectively we have not only our own newspaper, the circulation of which depends upon its adopting our name, but in every town we have our own tavern, whose landlord, knowing that his success depends upon our countenance, will at any time fly from the coroneted coach with its two outriders, to wait upon the mounted traveller with his two saddle-bags. Many a merry meeting is witnessed, and many a wayfaring joke is launched in the "Travellers' Room," exclusively so called and appropriated, of which I may perhaps hereafter present some not unpleasant specimens; but as candour obliges me to confess that our wandering mode of life occasionally exposes us to encounters of a very different and perilous nature, I shall at present pro-

ceed to relate one in which it was my misfortune to be the principal sufferer.

Whenever I have an idle hour upon my hands, I love to devote it to billiards, which I consider a healthy and delightful recreation. In one of our great manufacturing towns of the North, I had entered a public-house for this purpose, which, as I afterwards found, was frequented by characters of the worst description, and incautiously mentioning that I was going to walk to Mr. M'B——'s, who resided two or three miles off, for the purpose of receiving a sum of money, I inquired the shortest road to his residence. One of the parties present told me there was a way across the fields which would save half a mile, and gave me particular instructions how to find it, adding that it was a common thoroughfare, and I should doubtless see some of the men going or re-

turning from the manufactory. Interested in my play, I pursued it rather longer than usual, but at length hurried away, discovered the footpath across the fields, received the bank-notes, which, according to my invariable practice, I concealed in the lining of my waistcoat, and was returning briskly by the same path, just as the evening began to close around me, when, as I crossed a stile, I heard a rustling in the hedge, and on looking round beheld a villain advancing towards me with an uplifted bludgeon. I raised a stout stick with which I was provided, to repel the assault; but at the same moment received a tremendous blow upon the head from a second ruffian, which stretched me senseless upon the grass.

The villains, as it afterwards appeared, rifled my pockets of my watch, loose cash and papers, but without discovering my hidden treasure; and in this state of insensi-

bility I was soon after found by some good Samaritans of the lower orders, who, having ascertained that my pockets were empty, generously contented themselves with my hat and coat, as a fair remuneration for the trouble of carrying me to the hospital of a large suburban poor-house at no great distance. In this miserable establishment I fell into the hands of two occasional nurses then in the place, who, upon exercising a more rigorous scrutiny into my habiliments, with a view to those strays and waifs of plunder which such callous practitioners usually claim as their perquisite, discovered the hidden bank-notes, and divided them upon the spot as the best security for mutual secrecy.

My wound was shortly examined and dressed by the hospital surgeon; but the severity of the blow, combining with a violent cold caught by lying upon the wet

grass, produced a brain fever, which deprived me of my faculties for several days. In this state the nurse removed me from the public ward to a small detached room, under the pretext of my disturbing the other patients, but in reality that she might have a private chamber in which to give little suppers to her friends with the bank-notes which she had pilfered from my person. It was in this small chamber that, on awaking to recovered consciousness, I found myself lying upon a miserable truckle-bed, and felt that my arms were pinioned to my sides by a strait-waistcoat, while I heard the hospital-clock toll the hour of midnight, accompanied by the hollow howling of the wind through the two long wards into which the building was divided. At first my faculties seemed but slowly to recover their power; and the attempt to arouse my memory to a recollection of the past, only served to mix it up in one

confused mass with the present. By degrees, however, beginning to suspect that I had suffered under a temporary privation of reason, I endeavoured, without speaking or moving, to divine the meaning of the scene before me, which was well calculated to confound and puzzle apprehension.

Close to the blazing hearth was a large round table, whereon were flaring three unsnuffed tallow-candles, and in centre of which fumed a brimming and capacious bowl, surrounded by a profuse display of viands, liquors, lemons, sugar, bottles, and glasses. On the mantel-piece were phials, boxes, lint, rags, cataplasms and surgical instruments; and on the fire beneath, a kettle of goodly dimensions was singing its quiet tune to two female figures who completely filled a couple of wide arm-chairs beside the board, eating, drinking, and chuckling with infinite perseverance and complacency. As one of them

had her back to the bed, I could not catch a glimpse of her face; but I observed a pair of red Atlantean shoulders, the flesh of which, heaving up on either side of the shoulder-strap, seemed anxious to escape from the restraint of its bandages. This, as I found by their conversation, was Mrs. Potts, a visitant to my appointed nurse Mrs. Graves, who sat opposite to her in all the dignity of voluminous and undulating fat; and I was enabled to make the further discovery that they were carousing upon the spoil which had been ferreted from the lining of my waistcoat. Falstaff typifying Mother Pratt, the fat woman of Brentford, was not a whit more corpulent and cumbersome than these triple-chin'd harpies; and as their dialogue proceeded, I was more than once tempted to wish that I had Ford's cudgel in my hand, and Ford's vigour and good-will for its exercise.

"Come, Mrs. Potts," quoth the worthy

nurse, "you don't drink; fill your glass, fill your glass. Here have I been drinking Madeira ever since this lucky Godsend, to see if I could fancy it as well as Booth's best; but it's sad watery, washy stuff, compared to blue ruin or heavy wet. Howsomever, I put a bottle into this here bowl of punch, and I don't think it's much the worse."

"Hark! there's the gentleman awake," cried Mrs. Potts, as I gave an involuntary groan at this appropriation of my money.—"Well, never mind if he is," replied Mrs. Graves. "Lord love you, he's as mad as a March hare; knows no more what he's talking about than the Pope of Rome."—"Oh, ay, cracked in the upper-story is he?—they're rummish customers to deal with, those crazy chaps; but I don't dislike 'em, for one's not bound to pay any attention to their freaks and fancies. It isn't as if one had Christians to deal with. One on 'em played me a slip-

pery trick, though, some years ago. I was dosing away in my chair, not much caring to get up and notice his clamour for water, when, would you believe it, Ma'am? he jumps out of bed, and, ere you could say Jack Robinson, whips me up in his arms, and claps me right slap upon a great blazing fire!"

"Lord!" exclaimed Mrs. Graves, shrieking with laughter till her whole system swagged with repeated undulations, "how shocking! but it was monstrous comical though, warn't it?"—"Not so comical neither, Ma'am, if I hadn't happened to have a thick stuff gown on, and a couple of flannel petticoats, so that I got off for this here burn upon my arm and the loss of my clothes. Business runs shameful slack now, Mrs. Graves; no good jobs stirring; though, to be sure, the little bundle of flimsies done up so knowing in this chap's waistcoat was a famous haul; but we have no nice fevers; a terrible time

since we had a good measles among the children, and no influenzy this here season as there was last. People are scandalous healthy to what they used to be. Then that unlucky vaccine spoils trade shamefully. Old mother Tibbs remembers when she used to lay out eighteen or twenty children every year all dead of the small-pox, and come in for all their clothes, besides pickings and perquisites."

"Very true, very true, Mrs. Potts, our's is a starving business; we must make the most of jobs now; so fill t'other glass, and pick a bit more of the pigeon pie. Here's to you, Ma'am. Howsomever I have no reason to complain; for, what with gentlemen's broken limbs from gigs, and their shooting themselves, or one another, in the sporting season, there's always some lucky misfortune or another turning up. 'Twas but last month I set a chap of this sort upon his crutches who had eighty-three shots lodged

in his calf by his friend Capt. Blinkensop when taking aim at a hare—"

"Eighty-three shot! that's a large lot, ain't it?"

"Yes, but one wouldn't be niggardly with a friend, you know. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ay, ay, you will have your laugh, Mrs. Graves; but you were always a wag. Well, my last job was with Lady ——. Psha! I shall forget my own name next. Lady What-d'ye-call—she as had the fine funeral t'other day; it's no odds for her name, and a pretty plague she was! Always a grumbling 'cause I took snuff. Will you have a pinch, Mrs. Graves? What odds if a little did fall into the broth or gruel now and then? I warrant it's as good as pepper any day in the year. That's the second lady of quality as I had the job on. Last Michaelmas was a year (I remember it by the famous goose my nevvy sent me out of York-

shire), that I laid out Lady Augusta Yellowley, at last, after she had gone on shilly-shallying for seven or eight weeks; and, would you believe it, Ma'am? they were shabby enough not to let me have an Ingey shawl, though she died in it, pretending I wasn't entitled to nothing but the body-linen."

"Well, Mrs. Potts, that's the very way they served me when Alderman Sowerby's lady hopped the twig. Howsomever, they got nothing by it; for, in packing up my box, a large white lace veil slipped in by mere accident; and as they never sent for it, of course I warn't bound to give it up."

"These accidents will happen to the most careful of us, Mrs. Graves. Ha! ha! ha! and really they shouldn't look too closely into these matters, for our perquisites now-a-days are no great shakes. What's peck and perch, and a pound a-week? Why, I got as much twenty year ago, when I was in

the wet line and went out a-suckling. I 've known the day, too, when a hint of a good subject to a resurrection-man was worth a couple of guineas; but, Lord love you! they make such a fuss about the matter now-a-days, that the poor fellows can hardly get salt to their porridge. And then folks dies such shabby shrivelled atomies of late, that they 're scarcely worth the cutting up. If one could get hold of a nice proper young man, now, shot in a duel."

"Ay, Mrs. Potts, or this here gentleman that 's lying on the bed; he 's in the prime of life, stout and healthy, just the proper age and subject for dying; but somehow my mind misgives me strangely that the chap will recover."

"Let us hope not,—let us hope not; it would be a monstrous shame:—here 's to you, Mrs. Graves."

"It would really be a pity," replied the

latter, refilling her glass; "for, what with the flimsies in his waistcoat, and what with the body, he might be one of the prettiest jobs we have had a long while."—In this strain the conversation continued some time longer, and as I knew my helpless state, and really apprehended that these harpies might strangle or make away with me if they suspected my recovery, I remained perfectly still, pretending to be asleep, until, the huge bowl of Madeira punch being completely emptied, my two companions began to nod at one another, and finally snored so unmercifully that I was effectually prevented from joining in the chorus. Waiting impatiently the arrival of the medical attendant next morning, I communicated to him the recovery of my senses, imploring that I might be instantly sent to a friend's house in the town, as I felt quite able to bear the removal. Here my health was in a few days

perfectly re-established, and it was my first care to obtain the dismissal of the nurses, and compel them to refund the remainder of their plunder. As to the scoundrels who had attacked me, although I had no doubt they were the same with whom I had been playing billiards, I had no means of identifying them, so I left them for the present uninterrupted in their progress to the gallows; and mounting my nag and companion, for he deserves both appellations, I joyfully turned my back upon this unlucky town.

MARSHAL SAXE AND HIS PHYSICIAN.

I.

FEVER 's a most audacious varlet;—
Now in a general's face he shakes
His all-defying fist, and makes
His visage like his jacket—scarlet:

Now o'er surrounding guards he throws
A somerset, and never squeaks
"An' please your Majesty," but tweaks
The Lord's Anointed by the nose.

II.

With his inflammatory finger
(Much like the heater of an urn)
He makes the pulses boil and burn,
Puts fur upon the tongue, (not ermine,)
And leaves his prey to die or linger,
Just as the doctors may determine.

III.

Though this disorder sometimes seems
Mild and benignant,
It interferes so with our schemes,
Imparting to our heads a dizziness,
Just when we want them clear for business,
That it may well be term'd malignant.

IV.

Of these inopportune attacks,
One fiercely fell on Marshal Saxe,
Just as his troops had open'd trenches
Before a fortress (what a pity!):

Not only did it make his heart ache
To be condemn'd to pill, cathartic,
Bolus and blister, drugs and drenches,
But shock'd his military notions,
To make him take unwish'd-for potions,
Instead of taking, as he wish'd—the city.

v.

SENAC, however, his physician,
Soon gave our invalid permission
To be coach'd out an easy distance,—
First stipulating one condition,
That whensoe'er he took a ride,
Himself should have a place inside
Lest any syncope, relapse,
Or other unforeseen mishaps,
Should call for medical assistance.

vi.

Saxe gives consent with all his heart,
Orders the carriage in a minute,
Whispers the coachman, mounts within it,
Senac the same, and off they start,
Joking, smiling, and time beguiling,
In a facetious *tête-à-tête*.

The subject of their mutual chatter is
Nothing to us—enough to state
That Marshal Saxe at length got out
To reconnoitre a redoubt
Projecting from a range of batteries.

VII.

Left in the carriage, our physician
By no means relish'd his position,
When he discover'd they had got
Nearly within half cannon shot;
Wherefore he bawl'd, with fear half melted,
"For God's sake! move me from this spot—
Doubtless they 've noticed our approach,
And when they recognise your coach,
Shan't I be fired at, pepper'd, pelted,
(When I can neither fly nor hide)
From some of yonder bristling masses!"—
"It 's not unlikely," Saxe replied,
"And war, I know, is not your trade;
So if you feel the least afraid,
Pull up the glasses!"

EXTRACTS FROM MY AUNT MARTHA'S DIARY.

I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal.

SHAKSPEARE.

DINED at Colonel Hackett's—an elegant party, and a very genteel dinner of eleven and nine, with a remove and an excellent dessert. Miss Lockhart (*some* people call her Miss Lack-heart) thought it was badly dressed and rather shabby; but I can't say it struck me so. To be sure, the lemon-pudding was shockingly smoked, the pheasant was roasted to rags, and the anchovy toast as

salt as brine; but as to their filling the table with an epergne, serving rabbit-currie instead of chickens, and substituting clouted-cream for a nice trifle in the glass-dish, I think nothing of it, for I never knew it otherwise at Okeover-Hall. At all events, it wasn't for Miss L—— to make the observation, considering the kindness she has experienced from the Colonel, who is certainly a very worthy man; and indeed it is a mark of a little mind in any body, to notice such insignificant matters. Considering he has been so long in India, it is very extraordinary that one never gets a good currie at his house. I wonder when Mrs. H—— means to leave off her striped-gown: she wore it at the race-ball last year; besides, stripes are out. Sir Hildebrand Harbottle asked me to drink champagne with him. Dr. Hippuff was called out at dinner-time, or rather just as it was over; they say he always contrives

it about the time of the dessert.—Mr. Bishop has not been.

Saw Widow Waters's cows feeding in Okeover church-yard — a scandalous proceeding! I wouldn't taste a drop of their milk upon any consideration! Mem. to deal in future with Mrs. Carter. Somebody said yesterday Sir Hildebrand was full of the milk of human kindness. It seems an odd expression applied to a man, and one, too, whose face is of a deep claret-colour from the quantity of wine he drinks. Dryden, indeed, has the phrase "milkiness of blood."—When Mr. Fox the apothecary so kindly offered to take me to the Colonel's and bring me back in his one-horse carriage, I little thought he would call to-day to borrow five and thirty pounds. The poor man has a large family and healthy neighbourhood to struggle with, so I let him have the money; but I wonder such people can think of marry-

ing. *I* never did, though it is well known I had many opportunities. If Mr. Bishop thinks he has any chance, I can assure him he is very much mistaken.

Mrs. Joliffe called, and in the course of conversation wondered I didn't keep a carriage of some sort, on purpose to introduce the mention of her own new one, (as she called it,) though it has only been fresh painted. She knows very well that I always hire one when I want it; and I should therefore possess no advantage in a carriage of my own, except that of having it when I do not want it. She hoped I wasn't bilious:—what can have put such a fancy in her head? However, I shall take a couple of Lady de Crespigny's dinner-pills to-night. I don't like that Mrs. J.—What's become of Mr. Bishop, I wonder?

Met the Miss Penfolds and Mrs. Saxby in High-street, who thought it an age since they

had seen me; but *I* called upon them last; and, they may depend upon it, I shall not go again till they return my visit. This morning Sir Simon Sowerby's lady produced her eleventh child; same day our cat kittened:—told Peggy to drown three of the young ones:—wonder Sir Simon doesn't give a similar order. Surely there is something indecorous in all this—no visit or letter from Mr. Bishop!!

Tapped the cask of beer brewed by the gardener, and told Peggy to take a large jug down to poor Mrs. Carter. She is a very deserving woman, though I cannot *quite* agree in what she said last Wednesday—that I was looking younger than ever. However, I certainly wear better than sister Margaret, though she is three years younger; but then, poor thing! she has had a family, and I have not. Heigho!—Something *must* have happened to Mr. Bishop!!

An excellent sermon this morning from good Dr. Drawlington. He bitterly inveighed against the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, particularly in the article of dress and personal decoration. I thought Mrs. Picton, who paints white and red, looked a little confused, and several of the congregation turned their eyes on the Miss Penfolds, who are always as fine as horses, and this day wore flaming new pelisses. Mrs. George Gubbins, too, had a new Gros-de-Naples silk bonnet and feathers, much too expensive for one in her circumstances. Thank Heaven! nobody can accuse me upon this point. Luckily I wore my old Leghorn bonnet, though I doubt whether any body would know it for the same, now it is fresh trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbons; and it is certainly much more becoming since I have lined it with pink. Saw something like a crow's foot at

the corner of each eye while dressing this morning, which must be entirely owing to the dry weather, and my having such a sleepless night; — brought a curl over each, so as to hide it. Mr. and Mrs. Saxby with Miss Pocklington called after church, but fortunately not till I had put on my blonde cap with amber ribbons, and I took care to sit with my back to the windows. None but *very* young people should ever sit fronting the light. Mrs. S—— had a gold watch and chain dangling outside, with amethyst bracelets over her long gloves, and Miss P—— a fine pink China-crape pelisse, trimmed with white satin, and a dozen feathers in her hat. We all admired the sermon very much, and hoped some of our neighbours would be benefited by it.—Mr. Bishop not at church ! !

What awful times we live in ! The papers full of fresh revolutions: Europe and Ame-

rica both in a blaze! What are our little individual vexations, when compared with these portentous troubles of kings and empires, especially as we are such transitory beings, here to-day and gone to-morrow? By the by, I shall pass Mrs. Davies's shop to-morrow, and I must not forget to change the silk gimp I bought last Friday, which is dreadfully bad. I *do* think galloon would do better.

It is really quite melancholy to see poor Mr. Gingham since he retired from the haberdashery business: how much he seems to be at a loss to get through the day, and how dreadfully he wastes his time! I have been watching him the whole morning taking the dimensions of his garden-wall a dozen times over with a yard-measure, sitting in the sun twiddling his thumbs for an hour at a time, looking vacantly over the gate and yawning, and then going to sit in the sun again.

"While I a moment name, a moment's past," says Dr. Young. He should read Dr. Watts on the Abuse of Time. Mrs. Blinkensop's dawdle of a maid put up the posts for drying linen early this morning, and has been three-quarters of an hour, for I never took my eyes off, in spreading out and pegging *one* basket of clothes! A post-chaise has been waiting at the shrubbery-gate from eleven o'clock till five minutes past twelve, and Sir Hilgrove's cart has gone three times up the lane with a tarpaulin over it. What *can* be the meaning of all this? This long absence is excessively rude of Mr. Bishop!

Dr. Drawlington called this morning—heard him puffing as he came up-stairs; and had just time to pop a novel I was reading under the sofa cushion, and take out his pamphlet upon the Revelations, in which he has clearly proved that the events of last

year are prefigured and prophesied. The same thing has been indisputably proved every year within my recollection. I hope he didn't observe that the leaves were uncut. He is certainly a very learned and clever man, and well deserves his various lucrative preferments; but I did not glean any thing particularly interesting from his conversation in this visit, except that he wouldn't give a farthing for lobster-sauce without nutmeg in it, that a glass of vinegar should always be thrown into the water when you boil a turbot, and that a sucking-pig should invariably be roasted as soon as it is killed, with the legs skewered back, or the under part will not crisp. I shall take no further notice of Mr. B——!

How very cheap jacconet muslins have become! — I don't like Cape Madeira. — Mem. to have no more cabbages for dinner. — I'm sure Peggy *must* steal my pins, there

isn't one left in the pincushion.—This is the second time I have spoken to Hannah about the drawing-room grate. Servants are such a plague!—A handful of wormwood best preservative of furs against the moth. Mrs. Stevens's things hanging out again!—I thought she washed last week. I see Mrs. Umphreville is likely to have an increase: I think she might wear a shawl, but some people have no sense of shame.—No answer yet from Mrs. Fringe.—Pug barked three times last night: surely it wasn't Mr. B——?

Went to the circulating library for Scott's last novel, (as I thought it,) and find there are two new ones since. I'm sure nobody is more anxious than I am to read them as fast as possible; but some people really should have a little consideration for other people who must snatch an hour or two, now and then, to eat and drink, and see their friends,

and discharge the common duties of society. A letter at last from Mrs. Fringe; but I positively will not wear pea-green, so dreadfully unbecoming to my complexion: dark people should wear nothing but pink or amber. Saw Mrs. Joliffe, who bantered me about Mr. Bishop, and told me she met him this morning in High-street. I find he's a trifling, shuffling character, and I shall treat him with the contempt he deserves. Told Hannah and Peggy to say I am not at home if he calls any more.

What an idiot that Hannah is! — How could she think of letting in Miss Lockhart and the two Miss Penfolds? — Never was caught in such a pickle in all my life — hair in papers — a morning-wrapper, and pink slippers! — the parlour in a litter — the stair-carpet up, and a mop and pail in the hall!!! It's very vulgar of them to be dressed out and making visits at such an early hour.

Now that I have made myself tidy, I don't suppose a soul will come near the house. I don't like this cap: I think I look better, after all, in the amber ribbons. Surely I see some one coming — it can't be —— Peggy! Peggy! give me my amber cap directly. — Hannah! run down and open the garden-gate—here's Mr. Bishop coming!—I *am* at home! Do you understand? You may let him in—I *am* at home!

A HINT TO RETIRING CITIZENS.

I.

Ye Cits, who at White Conduit House,
Hampstead, or Holloway carouse,
Let no vain wish disturb ye,
For rural pleasures unexplored,
Take those your Sabbath-walks afford,
And prize your *rus in urbe*.

II.

For many who, from active trades,
Have plunged into sequester'd shades,
Will dismally assure ye,
That it 's a harder task to bear
Th' ennui produced by country air,
And sigh for *urbs in rure*.

III.

The cub in prison born and fed,
The bird that in a cage was bred,
The hutch-engender'd rabbit,
Are like the long-imprison'd Cit,
For sudden liberty unfit,
Degenerate by habit.

IV.

Sir Charley Flower, were he mew'd
In some romantic solitude,
A bower of rose and myrtle,
Would find the loving turtle-dove
No succedaneum for his love
Of London-Tavern turtle.

v.

Sir Astley Cooper, cloy'd with wealth,
Sick of luxurious ease and health,
And rural meditation,
Sigh'd for his useful London life,
The restless night, the saw and knife
Of daily amputation.

vi.

Habit is second nature; when
It supersedes the first, wise men
Receive it as a warning;
That total change comes then too late,
And they must e'en assimilate
Life's evening to its morning.

vii.

Thrice happy he whose mind has sprung
From Mammon's yoke while yet unwrung
Or spoilt for nobler duty;
Who still can gaze on Nature's face
With all a lover's zeal, and trace
In every change a beauty.

VIII.

No tedium vitæ round him lowers;
The charms of contrast wing his hours,
And every scene embellish:
From prison, city, care set free,
He tastes his present liberty
With keener zest and relish.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LADIES.

What fire is in my ears!—can this be true?

SHAKSPEARE.

NOTHING is so provoking as the *nonchalance* with which certain phlegmatic animals of the male species occasionally receive a piece of news which appears to the narrator of the last interest and importance. When Charles the Twelfth of Sweden was told by his secretary that a bomb had fallen close to

them, he merely enquired what that circumstance had to do with the subject upon which they were writing; and when a friend ran into Budé's study to inform him his house was on fire, he coolly exclaimed—"You had better tell my wife, for I never meddle in domestic affairs." Thus have I been running the whole morning up Regent-street and down Bond-street, seizing my acquaintance by the button-hole, and pouring into their ears the glad tidings that the affairs of the Opera-house were arranged, and that it would infallibly open in February; when, if I might judge by their inert and stolid countenances, I might as well have revealed to them the marvellous fact that the citizens' shops would be shut on the ensuing Sunday. Looking to the signs of the times and the spirit of the age, recollecting that we are no longer stunned with horns as we walk along the streets, and the hoarse

vociferation of "Great news, bloody news!"—adverting to the fact that the Morning Post can no longer issue a third edition to inform the public that the important intelligence contained in the second had been ascertained to be totally destitute of foundation, I did certainly expect, in this dearth of stimulating novelties, to elicit a more goggle-eyed amazement in the look, and more ecstatic interjections in the speech, of my button-detained auditors. But the plodders had no music in their souls, and were consequently absorbed in the stratagems and plots of the club and gaming-houses of the West, or the gold-mines of the East, receiving my revelation with that sort of "very glad to hear it," which, like the "very glad to see you" of people who hurry past you in the street, is rather significant of their being still more glad to get away from you.

Very different was my greeting when,

upon perceiving Lady Charlotte ———'s carriage at Owen's door, I communicated to her, and her friend of the Spanish olive complexion and glossy ringlets, the welcome tidings. What an eager and delighted audience I instantly obtained! with what a sparkling and kindling vivacity they interrogated me! with what a bustle of animated glee they hurried off to spread the joyous news, and take instant measures for securing the best boxes! To men in general the Opera is neither a business nor an amusement: to women it is both. The modern hours and habits of society keep the votaries of fashion in such a whirl and vortex of dissipation, that the males have really no time for making love, or any thing but hasty calls; while the distressed damsels, as they hurry from rout to rout, catch more colds than husbands, and are for ever getting on without once getting off. Almack's, from

its jealous exclusiveness, is notoriously unfavourable to match-making; but the Opera, or at least the *crush*-room, which, we are happy to inform our fair readers, has been diminished with a view to their special inconvenience, will at least afford a sufficient want of accommodation to justify many hymeneal rencontres; and the theatre itself uniting both publicity and privacy as each may be required, the loll from the front of a pit-circle box to chat with a succession of beaux, or the lounge at the back in a palpitating *tête-à-tête* with the favoured *one*, has ever been considered productive of as many marriages off the stage as there are on it. Who indeed, with the provocatives of melting music, winged Hymens, and rosy Cupids, bewitching ladies' looks, and still more fascinating *badinage*, would not feel himself irresistibly prompted to commit matrimony?

We feel not a little gratified at having it in our power to divulge a few theatrical secrets as to the plans and prospects of the approaching season, relying upon the customary discretion of our fair readers that they shall not go any farther, and convinced as we are that the management of the new directors will finally silence all cavils and competition. As to the hacknied objection that the dialogue is in a language which few understand, and still fewer can distinctly hear, it is sufficient to answer with the gloomy Cromwell—"So much the better; for whatever is in an unknown tongue cannot corrupt the morals of the people:" a praise, by the by, which cannot be conceded to the Beggars' Opera, Tom and Jerry, and similar abominations. In vain may Pope exclaim, in allusion to the approaching reign of Dulness—

"Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway:
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!"

To this unmeaning spleen of a bard who had either no ears or very long ones, may be opposed Voltaire's praise of that entertainment:

"Ou les beaux vers, la danse, la musique,
L'art de tromper les yeux par les couleurs,
L'art plus heureux de seduire les cœurs;
De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique."

But a truce to the bards whose talent is in their heads, and come we to their saltatory rivals who achieve immortality by their heels. The success of the opera is now rendered certain by a very simple expedient—that of shortening the petticoats and lengthening the dances. No bishop will be admitted unless he can give security for not

objecting to any increase of his see, and prove himself not to be under petticoat government. A committee of six knights of the garter are to have the regulation of this delicate matter, with power to fix the *ne plus ultra* of the muslin skirt, as well as the diaphaneity of the material. To meet the great demand for *pirouettes* of longer continuance, figures dressed like dancers will be made to spin round by means of machinery, until the conclusion of the piece; and to gratify the rage for extraordinary jumps, Signor Kangarooni from Piedmont has undertaken to leap so high, that he shall not come down again until the audience particularly desire it.

Every one has read of the celebrated chorus in Berenice, an opera brought out at Padua, which consisted of one hundred virgins, one hundred soldiers, one hundred horsemen in iron armour, forty cornets of

horse, six trumpeters on horseback, six drummers, six ensigns, six sackbuts, six great flutes, six minstrels playing on Turkish instruments, six others on octave flutes, six pages, three serjeants, six cymbalists, twelve huntsmen, twelve grooms, six coachmen for the triumph, six others for the procession, two lions led by two Turks, two elephants by two others, and sundry two and four-legged and nondescript beings to complete the list of the choristers. The committee propose to rival this celebrated display; and whereas Handel availed himself of kettle-drums and the firing of artillery, it is their intention to introduce upon the stage a company of Macadamisers breaking up real stones with *bonâ fide* hammers, and to terminate with the explosion of two gasometers. If Amphion built up stones by music, it is surely allowable to break them to pieces to the same accompaniment; and men may

easily be found to risk their lives in managing the explosion, if they be properly encouraged by small annuities, to be doubled in case of death.

It has been thought by some that Handel pushed imitative harmony too far when he indulged in musical puns and conceits, and attempted to suggest by sound the creation of light and the mercy of Heaven, as well as the snorting of horses, the hopping of frogs, and the buzzing of flies; while in Joshua he has endeavoured by the harmony of one long-extended note to express the arresting the great luminary of the universe, or, in other words, to make the audience *hear* the sun stand still. But the committee have engaged a composer who pledges himself to surpass all these exploits, and not only set a tooth-ache to music in such a manner that every one shall instantly recognise it as acutely as if it were in his own jaw, but dis-

tinctly to impress upon the ear the hypothenuse of a triangle, and excite a very lively impression, by sound alone, of the peculiar smell of the shape of a drum.

The lion in Hydaspes, that fought and fell to the accompaniment of the orchestra, has received his meed of praise in the thirteenth number of the Spectator; and a recent writer relates that in the Opera-house of San Moise at Venice, he heard the famous David sing a bravura during his combat with the Cretan Minotaur, towards the conclusion of which the monster expired. This song was constantly encored, and the Minotaur as constantly revived without ceremony, and fought and died over again, with increased vigour and proportionate acclamations. This too, admirable as it unquestionably is, will be eclipsed in a forthcoming serious opera, the name of which we are not at liberty to reveal, but from one of the pas-

sages we have, as a special favour, been kindly allowed to make a diminutive extract.

The scene represents a dark wood in all the murkiness of midnight, which will however be rendered distinctly visible from all parts of the house by means of additional lamps.—(*Adagio movement to express that the moon is behind a cloud, and may shortly be expected to rise.*) Enter Florello—whose speech we have translated into English for the benefit of country readers.

"No sound is heard." (*Trombones, bassoons, &c. growl their lowest notes to imitate the profundity and depth of the silence.*)

"No human form I see." (*Here he stares earnestly at a numerous and fashionable audience, who confirm his assertion with bravos and clapping of hands.*)

"I faulter—faint—my breath begins to flee." (*Wind instruments to suggest his de-*

ficiency of breath, and express his want of expression.)

"With two stilettos in my heart I lie." *(Adagio movement in* F *and* G *sharp. Florello puts his hand to his heart, and draws two sighs, but not one of the daggers. He rises—falls back against the stump of a tree, and the music expresses that he has torn his inexpressibles.*

"Unseen:" *(Rubadub-dub)* "Unheard:" *Tantara-ra)* "Alone"—*(Jang-jang-crash)* "I die—die—die!" *(Diminuendo—Tweedledum! Tweedledum! Tweedledum! twee—wee—ee!!!)* And so the music and the hero die away together.

As this exquisitely pathetic scene will doubtless be encored, the second symphony is made to imitate the application of galvanism to the unfortunate defunct, who rises in the most natural convulsions, recom-

mences, and comes to his end *da capo;* and as there is reason to apprehend that the whole of Fop's Alley will be delivered of a wailful whimper and simultaneous snivel, which might endanger the baldheads of the fiddlers, women will be stationed in the pit with white cambric lachrymatories, to exchange for those which have become saturated with the tender tears of sympathy. Cafarelli said, that if Farinelli had not been *de facto* the prime minister of Spain, he well deserved it, for his voice was inimitable; and we maintain of our composer, that if he be not created first lord of the admiralty, he richly merits that station, for he is the first of imitative harmonists. Should any of the public fall asleep during the performance of his opera, it will be additional proof of his powers as a *composer;* and should they do the same while reading this paper, or be tempted to ejaculate "What stuff! what

nonsense!" they are respectfully informed that the writer, who is not less loyal than musical, has no wish to realise the assertion of Pope:

"That soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense."

PROPOSALS FOR SETTING FIRE TO PATERNOSTER ROW.

Quas tu dixisti nugas, non esse putasti;
Non dico nugas esse, sed esse puto.

"I BEGIN to think it perfectly unnecessary to make any provision before one sits down to compose either an essay or a book. Committing one's thoughts to paper is a favourite phrase with many writers, who are merely transcribing the thoughts of others, or evin-

cing the total want of any such progeny of the brain in their own persons. Literary highwaymen of the former class sometimes wear a crape to prevent detection; sometimes, as Sheridan says, they alter and disfigure their plagiarisms to avoid discovery, like gipsies who disguise their stolen children to make them pass for their own; and he might have added, that when they take hold of them by the wrong end, and drag them willy-nilly into the empty chambers of their brain, they are like Cacus, who served the herd of Hercules in the same way, that they might appear to have issued from his den, instead of having been purloined and forced into it. Every body knows that extempores require a good deal of deliberation, but it is not so generally understood that the most profound writing is best executed when it is entirely unpremeditated. There are shoals of thoughts, as of fish, which lie upon the

surface ready to fill our nets at the first haul; while, if we sink our tackle deeper, we shall probably bring up nothing but sand, and sea-weed, or something even "vilior algâ." Besides, we cannot plunge them so low without a good many leaden weights, dangerous accessories to a writer, who may be carried by them down to the waters of oblivion, which, as every body knows who has read Sadak and Kalasrade, are not to be tasted without death.

If one's own nonsense be not better than another man's sense, it is at least more original—no mean praise in this golden age of plagiarism. If Horace could exclaim against the servile crew of imitators—Heavens! how would he now ejaculate and apostrophise, when the human faculties remaining the same, and the field in which they are to be exercised unenlarged, the number of competitors is increased a thousand-fold, until the

writers threaten to exceed the readers! Well might Champfort assert that the greater portion of modern books have the air of being written in the morning, with the assistance of those read on the previous afternoon. What are termed original communications are the last new combination from old materials, and our profound writers are like mirrors which merely reflect the images of others. A pond is not the less shallow because a mountain seems to be inverted in its bosom, nor is the page the deeper or the more powerful, because the literary giants of antiquity may be made to figure upon its surface.

Our present enormous mass of publication could never exist but that one half generates and supports the other, throwing out fresh props as it enlarges itself, like the sacred tree of India. One book affords nourishment to fifty, or five hundred magazines and reviews,

from which, in due time, some diligent gleaner collects materials for a new work and a new host of reviewers; so that we keep fulfilling the squirrel's circle, always going on and making a mighty clatter in our little cage, but never advancing. It is so much easier to review books than to write them, to detect faults than to avoid them, to compare than to invent, that it is probable the critical system will continue expanding until it becomes a disease, a monstrous wen, which the body of our literature may for a certain term nourish and enlarge, but which ultimately will, in the intellectual, as in the human subject, finish by destroying its supporter.

It is ridiculous to expect originality; presumptuous to claim it. What! has the world existed for six thousand years, and are Simpkins or Jinkins to hit upon a bright thought which escaped the penetration of Socrates and Plato, and every individual of those in-

numerable generations whose wits have been fermenting and cogitating since the days of Adam! Now and then, indeed, we may recover something that has been long lost, and of which we cannot ascertain the original owner; but we are no more its authors than we are the coiners of the shilling which we may accidentally pick up at Charing-cross. Like old-clothes-men, our minds can only dabble in what our predecessors have worn and thrown away: our rarest originalities have once been commonplaces, our novelties were antiquities to our ancestors. We learn something that time has forgotten, and then demand a patent of invention and discovery. The world is a round robin ending where it begins. Cities are built of the ruins of cities, one generation of human bodies fattens the earth for the sustenance of the next, and their minds follow the same course; yet cities, bodies, and minds, are pretty much

what they were three thousand years ago. Our mental stature is as unchangeable as our corporeal. In the early ages there were Titans in both, for men were measured after death by their exploits when living; and when the sun of history and literature was only rising, a little hero or a diminutive mind might cast a very long shadow, and of course afford a very fallacious standard. In our present meridian days we are reduced to our proper level, and it is nearly a permanent one. Time must laugh in his sleeve when he sees us strutting in our borrowed plumes, piquing ourselves upon our stale originalities, and fancying ourselves very bright-eyed, because we have lost sight of old knowledge so long, that when we stumble upon it we mistake it for new.

Thrice happy the author who lived soon after the Caliph Omar, when books were scarce, and nearly all that existed were de-

stroyed in the Alexandrian library! If any critic presumed to twit him with plagiarism, he would dare him to prove his assertion, and in the impossibility of compliance insist upon his recalling it. Commentators have remarked that the reviewers of this period were more than usually foul-mouthed, arising probably from the great number who had been thus compelled to eat their own words. Like the *Gentilhomme Bourgeois* of Molière, who had been speaking prose all his life without dreaming of his cleverness, every writer of this enviable period became suddenly original without even suspecting the fact. To whom was he to be traced? The books that might convict him had warmed the Turkish baths, been converted into smoke and vapour, and ascended into the skies to rejoin their authors. No fear of his suffering the fate of the modern, who pathetically complained that Shakspeare had said all his good things

before him. He stepped down into a field of literature, unplucked, unploughed, untrodden; and, whether he collected weeds, thistles, or flowers, every body was ready to exclaim, 'O what a rare posy!" Authors at that fortunate epoch were like the followers of Columbus invading the New World, who had nothing to do but to pick up the treasures beneath their feet, until the poorest soldier became suddenly enriched. The first literary foragers soon robbed nature of every thing she had to offer, and we must either pilfer from them or pluck one another, unless we embrace the easy alternative which some have chosen—that of being *un*natural. Though reason is exhausted, folly may still be original—a hint which we moderns should most seriously perpend. He who wishes to confer a benefit upon the existing generation should discover some process for accelerating oblivion. Instead of writing that they may

be read, men read that they may write; and as the perusers have all access to the same fountains, they seem to be perpetually drinking the same beverage through different diluters. Folks now-a-days write faster than we can forget, nay, there are some who even scribble more rapidly than we can read. To him who is fond of books, a good memory is the wand of Sancho Panza's physician, which whisked away the taste of every thing that might have been most grateful to his palate. Who has not often wished to forget some former feast of reason that he might enjoy a new banquet? Who has not often envied youth, or even mature ignorance, when he sees them devouring for the first time Don Quixote or Gil Blas? Magliabechi was not only conversant with the contents of every volume in the immense library of which he was the guardian, but could indicate its exact position amid the numerous shelves.

Reading was his sole delight, and yet he was obliged to abandon it because he could meet with nothing new, and could no longer interest his head in that which he knew by heart. Could he have decompounded this immense mass of literature, and condensed it into its first elements, it is possible that all the generations of human minds as well as of their bodies might be traced back and limited to one original man and one original volume.

To a certain extent we are all in the melancholy situation of Magliabechi. We have arrived at a crisis from which we can only escape by some desperate expedient; and as none seems more effectual or practicable than that adopted by the provident Caliph Omar, I would respectfully submit to the public the propriety of calling a general meeting— "To consider the wisdom, in the present alarming state of our literature, of a general

book-combustion, to be commenced by setting fire to Paternoster Row."—This would be attacking the enemy in his head-quarters: the public and private libraries might subsequently be piled up in Smithfield or other appointed ustrinæ, and a day be proclaimed for their indiscriminate cremation. Heavy fines should be imposed for secreting a single volume; but as no evil could result from the conservation of such books as are never read, it may be right to make a special exception in favour of the Roxburgh Club, the reprints of the Archaica, Heliconia, and other collections of scarce rubbish. The author of this proposition, who knows the exact value of his productions, would willingly throw himself into the fire, (in print,) like a second Curtius, for the good of his country, an example which he trusts would not be lost upon his brethren. After having suffered our minds to lie fallow for a reasonable time, we

should then all start fair, readers as well as writers, to enjoy a new youth of intellect, and luxuriate in the fresh bloom and May-day blossoming of an untrodden Parnassus. We should be like the Argonauts of the early world, who encountered some enchanting vision or supernatural beauty at every step they took. Unhaunted by literary reminiscences, we should realise the averment that "men are but children of a larger growth," and plunge into the pages of the poet with all the raciness and enthusiasm of our boyhood.

Make ready then, ye patriotic authors—present your works with alacrity—and hesitate not when the command is given—*to fire!*

PROJECTS AND COMPANIES.

"Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pincushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse to preserve them from foundering.—*Gulliver's Travels.*

I.

A NATION'S wealth that overflows
Will sometimes in its course disclose
Fantastical contortions:
'Tis like the rising of the Nile,
Which fats the soil, but breeds the while
Strange monsters and abortions.

II.

Better our superflux to waste
In peaceful schemes, howe'er misplaced,
  Than war and its abuses;
But better still if we could guide
And limit the Pactolian tide
  To salutary uses.

III.

Our sires, poor unambitious folks!
Had but an individual hoax,
  A single South-sea bubble;
Each province *our* delusion shares,
From Poyais down to Buenos-Ayres,—
  To count them is a trouble.

IV.

Giving them gold that's ready made,
We wisely look to be repaid
  By help of Watt and Boulton;
Who from their mines, by patent pumps,
Will raise up ore, and lumps, and dumps,
  Whence sovereigns may be molten!

V.

Others, the dupes of Ferdinand,
By royal roguery trepann'd,
Find all their treasure vanish;
Leaving a warning to the rash,
That the best way to keep their cash
Is *not* to touch the Spanish.

VI.

Gilded by Eldorado dreams,
No wonder if our foreign schemes
Assume a tinge romantic;
But e'en at home, beneath our eyes,
What *ignes fatui* arise,
Extravagant and antic!

VII.

Bridges of iron, stone, and wood,
Not only, Thames, bestride thy flood,
As if thou wert a runnel,
But terraces must clog thy shore,
While underneath thy bed we bore
A subterranean tunnel.

VIII.

Nay, that our citizens may not,
As heretofore, in seasons hot,
To bathing places run down,
Presto! behold a Company
Which undertakes to bring the sea
Full gallop up to London!

IX.

Theirs the true English thought—a tank
For peers, with those of meaner rank
Disclaiming all connexion;
Knights of the Bath! together lave,
'Tis the best way, perchance, to save
Plebeians from infection.

X.

One sapient speculator, big
With crazy projects, bids us dig
New streets beneath the present,
That we may saunter undismay'd
By fireman's pickaxe, gasman's spade,
Or pipes and plugs unpleasant.

XI.

With each new moon new bubbles rise;
Each, as it flits before our eyes,
  Its predecessor quashing:
All at their rivals freely throw
Their dirt, to which we doubtless owe
  The Company for washing.

XII.

Away with the insidious plan
Which urges all-engrossing man
  To rob his female neighbour!
Already are the means too few
By which our virtuous poor pursue
  The path of honest labour.

XIII.

These are but weeds; the rich manure
Of overflowing wealth is sure
  To generate the thistle:—
They who would learn its nobler use,
May Pope's majestic lines peruse,
  That close his Fourth Epistle.

PENITENTIARIES FOR THE POLITE.

We pity or laugh at those fatuous extravagants, while yet ourselves have a considerable dose of what makes them so.

GLANVILLE.

EVERY one who has been in the habit of attending to the proceedings in the Chancery Court upon applications for a commission "de Idiota inquirendo," must have been struck with the difficulty that exists in proving a man to be *non compos mentis*. In the case of a noble Peer, not long since brought before the public, many acts and habits were imputed to him as evidences of a non-sane

mind, which are daily and hourly performed by many of his Majesty's liege subjects, without the smallest imputation upon their rationality. The law holds no man to be an idiot who has understanding enough to measure a yard of cloth, number twenty rightly, and tell the days of the week, &c.; but it is obvious that this limitation is a great deal too circumscribed, and that many who do not come within the letter of this enactment are fairly included in its spirit. Hardly any two authorities agree as to the minimum of intellect which shall qualify a person for the management of his own affairs, while some men have been accused of madness upon grounds at once ridiculous and contradictory. "Much learning hath made thee mad," cries Festus to Paul; the Emperor Anastasius ordered the gospels to be corrected and amended, "tanquam ab idiotis evangelistis composita;" and the general

uncertainty upon this subject could not be better exemplified than by the poor fellow in Bedlam who, upon being asked the cause of his confinement, replied—"I said the world was mad; they said it was me; and they outnumbered me." Surely such a grave question as this should never be decided by acclamation or a show of hands. We may be legally wrong when we say of any half-crazy individual that he is a mad-brained fellow or a moon-struck simpleton, as under the dementating influence of that planet; just as we may be literally unwarranted in pronouncing another to be dead drunk when the vital functions have not ceased; but there can be no doubt that we are virtually correct in both instances, and it is precisely for that numerous class who are included in the former epithets that our establishment will be founded. We propose, in short, to build Asylums or Peni-

tentiaries for the Polite, all over the kingdom, for the reception and cure of all such unhappy persons as labour under a partial absurdity of conduct or sentiment, although their aberration from right reason be not of so general and marked a character as to bring them legally within the jurisdiction of the Lord Chancellor and the guardianship of the King.

In thus wishing to provide hospitals for such patients as could not claim admission into any existing charity, however grievously they might be afflicted with the complaint of folly, we mean not, like Swift when he endowed a madhouse,

> "To show by one satiric touch,
> No nation needed it so much;"

but we are impressed with a deep and serious conviction that our Institution may be the means of bringing many poor creatures

to their sober senses, who are now living and acting as if under the wit-shattering spells of

> "The queen of night, whose large command
> Rules all the sea, and half the land,
> And over moist and crazy brains
> In high spring-tides at midnight reigns."

That the reader may form a more accurate notion of the species of mental imbecility which we undertake to treat, and hope to cure, it may be requisite to mention a few of those classes which will more immediately fall within the scope of our plan, confining our notice to those patients whose case is the most urgent and lamentable.

All such ladies and gentlemen as are in the habit of wasting their nights, and even their days, seated behind pasteboard parallelograms inscribed with barbarous coloured characters, or of throwing small numbered squares of ivory out of a wooden box, sacrificing their own health and time, and the

property of themselves and families, upon the combinations which the aforesaid play-things may chance to assume, must be pronounced, by any impartial committee, so far unsound in mind as to qualify them for our hospitals for the mind, where they may be set to some honest and useful employment until a cure be effected. By this regulation our routs and balls will be cleared of sundry dowagers, spinsters, old bachelors, and other idle characters, who for hours together infest those resorts, labouring for the odd trick, or solemnly ejaculating "Propose!" and "I mark one for the king!"

Those mis-called gentlemen who are in the habit of putting "an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains," or, in common parlance, of making beasts of themselves, are respectfully informed that they may be accommodated in our establishments with a tread-mill, as well as comfortable

stables, clean straw, and a good pump, from which they will be compelled to quaff bumpers until they have learnt that rational enjoyment does not by any means consist in losing one's reason. Three-bottle men will be allowed to dip their own pails into the well.

Misers, whose pleasure consists in accumulating what they do not want, in hoarding that which others are to spend, and whose chief luxury arises from denying themselves necessaries; as well as those spendthrifts who, after having run through their own, imagine they have a right to lavish the property of others, so long as they can obtain credit, are both incontestable victims of mental alienation, although the latter may be the pleasanter species of fatuity. "I had rather," says Suckling, "be mad with him who, when he had nothing, thought all the ships that came into the haven his, than with

you, who, when you have so much coming in, think you have nothing." Both these parties will be clearly entitled to admission into our asylum, and to remain there until the former shall have learnt not to rob himself, and the latter not to rob others.

Such poetasters, whether male or female, who are so far under the influence of the stultifying planet as to perpetrate sonnets to the moon, together with all those idle young men who, under the pretext of being in love, are guilty of dismal ditties "made to their mistress' eyebrow," are unequivocally labouring under a sufficient derangement to warrant their claiming our protection. "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet," says Shakspeare, (who very properly lumps them together,) "are of imagination all compact;" and elsewhere he observes, "Love is merely madness, and deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason

why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too." This defect we shall endeavour to remedy by having none but hardened old bachelors for keepers. The poetical patients we hope to cure by a sharp course of criticism, and the lovers by such remedies as their case may appear to require. Marriage has been recommended for the more desperate; but their friends need not be under any apprehension of this sort, since we have determined on avoiding all measures of severity, unless in cases of actual necessity. We shall adapt ourselves as much as possible to Sir Edward Coke's system, "Ut pœna ad paucos, metus ad omnes perveniat."

It must afford great consolation to the friends of the unfortunate sufferers to learn, that we shall have a spacious and special ward for the reception of those gulls, gud-

geons, and noodles who, undeterred by the warning of the South Sea bubble, have invested their properties in Poyais, Spanish, Mexican, Chilian, and half a score other *securities*, as certain projectors have the impudence to call them. As such crazy simpletons are obviously not fit to be trusted with the management of their own estates, we propose taking charge of them until their investments shall have found their true value, i. e. till they are worth nothing, when we have every reason to hope that they may safely be discharged, cured.

Believers in Swedenborg, Joanna Southcote, Prince Hohenlohe, animal magnetism, metallic tractors, and the whole tribe of similar quackeries, delusions, and impostures; together with those who have faith in the influence of dreams, omens, horse-shoes, lucky numbers, ghosts, witches, hobgoblins, and other *diablerie*, will all be confined (for

such characters should not be left at large) in the same division of our building, in the expectation that by mutual exposure of their follies and absurdities they may cure one another. Phrenologists to be allowed sticks for producing such bumps upon the heads of their brethren as may be necessary for establishing the truth or falsehood of their theory, when they may be detained or dismissed accordingly.

Gentlemen who have so far lost the use of right reason as to devote all their faculties to the imitation of their own coachmen, will be received, and compelled to clean carriages, rub down horses, and black shoes and boots, until, by performing the hard work of the character, they shall have acquired a distaste for copying its manners and appearance. Tourists and others smitten with the mania of travelling, in defiance of the Vagrant Act, shall be liable to detention in our establish-

ments, unless they can prove that they know half as much of England as they do of foreign countries. Antiquarians and similar noodles

"Who show on holidays a sacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Bess's chin,"

and rout out old tombstones, of which they send drawings to the Gentleman's Magazine, as if they were valuable as the philosopher's stone, or formed "of one entire and perfect chrysolite;"—the medallist, who like Curio—

"—— Restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho and neglects his bride,"

and would willingly give a purseful of genuine sovereigns for a doubtful Queen Anne's farthing;—the dandy of sixty, who wastes all his time in repairing an old face, and yet values nothing but what is new;—the fribble, who may exclaim in the words of Prior,

"And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they 're old, because they 're new:"

all these and many more whom we have not now leisure to enumerate, but who are obviously unfit to be trusted with the disposal of their own time and money, we propose to receive into our penitentiary, in the full confidence that by a course of moderate labour, spare diet, and proper instruction, we shall be enabled to cure them of their respective hallucinations, and restore them to their disconsolate friends in the full possession of the "mens sana in corpore sano."

It only remains that we should say a few words upon the sources whence the profits of the institution will be derived, and the extent of capital proposed to be embarked. The benefit to accrue to the shareholders will arise from an imposition of one penny per day, and one pound per cent. on all the time and money saved to each patient received into the establishment, which, upon a very moderate calculation, will give fifteen

per cent. upon the capital employed. This it is deemed prudent to limit at present to three millions sterling, which have not only been eagerly subscribed, but the shares are already selling at a considerable premium, although a few may still be had upon very moderate terms by early application to Messrs. Flam, Bubble, and Hoax, Knave's-acre.

HOW TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

There was a great wariness and reservedness, and so great a jealousy of each other, that they had no mind to give or receive visits. CLARENDON.

A REPUBLICAN of Charles the Second's time declared that he would believe in the intentions of Nature to create different ranks

among mankind, when he saw one class born with a crown upon their heads like the peacock, and another with a mark of servitude across their shoulders like the jackass. Some such distinctions are sadly wanting, for it must be confessed that the present system savours strongly of levelling and anti-monarchical principles. What! shall the lowest portion of humanity be found in the image of the Deity, while its highest sometimes appear intended to fill up the vacant space between man and the ouran-outang? Shall a peasant not only have "the limbs, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big semblance of a man," but his spirit and his brains, while an emperor may be a puny abortion both in mind and intellect? Shall fortune take a democratical delight in recompensing a man by means of flesh, blood, and intelligence, for that which she withholds in worldly gifts; while she enviously strikes a

balance with those upon whom she showers birth, rank, and riches, as if she had previously taken their brains and stamina to fill her cornucopia? Monstrous! Here is a world standing topsy-turvy, every thing acting in an inverse ratio to its apparent purposes: the pigmies lording it over the Patagonians, the dunces upon the top form, and the scholars upon the lowest; the powerful governed by the weak, and the many by the few, without one single natural indication which class was meant to have dominion over the others. True it is there are a set of bipeds called Negroes, whom we Europeans have very charitably set down for the intended slaves of the Whites; but not only is it impossible, on account of the infinite variety of shades by which the two races are connected, to determine where mastery begins and subjection ends, but the Blacks themselves do most audaciously maintain

their own to be the nobler colour of the two, and that the Whites, by their nearer approximation to the hue of dromedaries, camels and jackasses, were obviously meant to be the beasts of burthen. Unfortunately there are no satisfactory means of solving this question; and in the mean time they have most rebelliously proved their capacity for all the customary usurpations of authority by the establishment of an empire and a court at Hayti. The brethren of the Holy Alliance, though they recognised Tamahama, King of the Sandwich Islands, stand upon punctilio with regard to the sable majesty of Hayti; and yet if his be not the power, which, according to M. Hyde de Neuville, "comes from God," whence does it come, or by what outward and visible sign is the genuine article to be made manifest?

In Nature's grand and lamentable over-

sight of not stamping those who were to command by some moral or physical distinction, men have ingeniously hit upon various contrivances for remedying the defect, and separating themselves from the profane vulgar whom Horace held in such lofty aversion, the *polloi* of the Greeks, the *canaille* of the French, the mob, the rabble, the swinish multitude of the English. It was obvious that the ambitious fellow of low life might aspire to any thing after he was born, and haply accomplish celebrity in whatever it might consist; but no strength, no talent, no contrivance could enable him to begin the race before he was ushered into the world, and achieve an ante-natal right to power and fame. Living or posthumous glory was within any body's reach; but to derive honours from those who were dead and gone, and consequently beyond our control,

was a privilege only to be attained by those who could prove their ancestry. Hence the fantastical claims of high birth, as if it were an exemption instead of a responsibility, and hence the learned ignorance and all the groping in the dark of the Heralds' College. True, every family is of equal antiquity, all descended from the same parents; but this was too humiliating for those who could trace the current of their blood a little farther than others before it became lost in the general obscurity. It was therefore held vulgar to have the authority of Scripture for being descended from Adam and Eve; while it was genteel to have the verdict of Garter King at Arms in favour of a birth derived from Tudors and Plantagenets of comparatively modern date. So much reverence did M. de Brissac attach to the notion of being a gentleman in this sense of the word, that in the

fervour of his aristocratical piety he invariably spoke of the Deity as "Le Gentilhomme d'en haut."

Titles of nobility were another invention to counteract those inconsiderate proceedings of Nature, who would sometimes dignify with a heavenly patent, and produce

> A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every God did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man—

where the party was, after all, perhaps, a mere upstart, a *roturier*, a *parvenu*. An opposition to such levelling and scandalous proceedings became indispensable; and the expedient of hereditary nobility was devised, to serve as a defence and exclusion against that which was innate. Distinctions derived from men were set above those conferred by the Deity. Ay, but what a fine incentive to virtue, cries some one, to hold out these rewards of honour to the brave, the learned, the pious, and the

good! Yes, if they were always so conferred; but what becomes of this fine moral stimulus, if the sons of these meritorious personages prove to be the antipodes of their fathers? In that case we can only exclaim with Pope,

> "What can ennoble fools, or sots, or cowards?
> Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards;"

and regret that such an *im*moral example should be held out to the world as that of emblazoning and dignifying profligates and dunces. It is an idle objection, that men would not struggle to achieve honours if they could not transmit them, for they generally love themselves quite as well as their posterity; and in point of fact there is a keener contest for the ribbons of the different orders which are not transmissible, than for any more durable distinction. "A charming house and grounds," said a gentleman, calling upon his friend in the country, "but I

believe you have only got them for your life." —"True," replied the other; "I did not calculate upon wanting them much longer." Such is the common feeling among the candidates for honours; they would be well content with their personal reward, besides that which virtue confers upon itself.

Strange! that those whose talents are fabricated at the Heralds' College, who possess no other distinctions than those by which their ancestors have been distinguished, should not be sensible of the weakness of their position, but provoke a questioning of their claims by their misplaced arrogance! "I know," said a man of talent to a nobleman of this sort, "what is due to your rank; but I also know that it is much easier to be my superior than my equal." One of the Genoese deputies becoming rather warm in a dispute with the Chevalier de Bouteville, the latter haughtily exclaimed, "Are you aware that I am the

representative of the King my master?"—"Are you aware," replied the Genoese, "that I have no master, and that I am the representative of my equals?"

For many ages dress afforded an easy and infallible method of distinguishing ranks, and saving dukes and dons from the humiliation of being mistaken for commoners. The lords of the earth stripped birds and beasts of their clothing to make their own lordliness more apparent; a little reptile was hunted, that its fur might assist in the manufacture of monarchs; a worm was robbed of its silk, that its human namesake might strut about in a sash, and call himself a knight: courtiers and Corinthians were known by the gold lace upon their liveries; while stars, garters, and ribbons glittered upon those who attached more importance to the brightness of their persons than that of their heads. Here was an exterior nobility that was to be had ready

made from the court tailor; and it was an egregious mistake on the part of those who could achieve no other greatness but that which they carried upon their backs, to suffer so laudable a habit ever to fall into abeyance. But so it is. In these democratical days there is an universal spread of the same broad-cloth over patrician and plebeian shoulders: the peer and the peasant are confounded; there is but one rank to the eye; all those who are above rags are equals. Nor will a closer acquaintance always enable us to detect the difference; for education, which was once a distinction, is now so widely diffused that people's minds are like their coats, offering no evidence of the wearer's station in society.

In this deplorable state of things, with the lower classes constantly encroaching upon their prerogatives, our Corinthians have been driven to various devices, some of them "high fantastical" enough, to assert their

real superiority, and confer a genuine celebrity upon their names. One has immortalised himself by inventing a coat without flaps, another has become sponsor to a machine for heating gravy, a third to an odd-shaped hat, a fourth to a gig of a peculiar construction, and others to different contrivances equally ingenious and exalted. In the aggressions daily committing by wealth upon rank in this our commercial country, none were more galling than those invasions of the territory which had hitherto been appropriated to the upper classes. Street by street, and parish by parish, have the civic trespassers won their unhallowed way. Was it not enough that Portland-place, after its echoes had been long profaned by monosyllabic surnames of awful vulgarity, was finally abandoned to the enemy? Must Manchester, Cavendish, Grosvenor squares, whose very titles attest their patrician destination, be desecrated by the

same encroachment, as ignoble as the dry-rot, and as insatiable in its progress? Nay, not content with pushing the gentility out of town, and positively shouldering them into the fields, their assailants have dogged their footsteps, and bearded them in their rural or marine retreats. Gravesend, Ramsgate, and Margate, from their vicinity to the capital, were speedily over-run by the barbarians, and, of course, evacuated by the select. In spite of the sanction of royalty, Brighton was compelled to surrender at discretion to the horde of shopkeepers and money-getters. Weymouth, Tenby, Dawlish, and the remoter bathing-places, enjoyed but a short respite; for the fatal rapidity and cheapness of the steam navigation quickly brought the enemy to their gates, and obliged the fashionable fugitives once more to decamp. History offers no spectacle more piteous than that of this persecuted class. The inroads of the Ame-

rican settlers upon the unfortunate Indians, the Cryptia in which the Spartans chased their slaves, the hunting down of the Maroons with bloodhounds, were nothing compared to this unrelenting pursuit of our Corinthians. "The Thanes fly from me," cries the indefatigable vulgarian, as he reaches the haunt from which they have just escaped; and, like the huntsman when he discovers the empty form of a hare, he is only animated with a keener resolution to run down the wretched fugitive.

Some contented themselves in this trying emergency with bestowing upon their servants the gorgeous liveries which they had discarded in their own persons, and sharing the glory which was reflected upon them from their footmen; but they were soon eclipsed by aldermen and contractors, to say nothing of my lord mayor, who has as undoubted a claim to this species of preeminence,

as Bartholomew fair has to its acknowledged superiority in gilt gingerbread. One would think that the civic classes, no undervaluers of good cheer, would at least leave to their superiors the quiet enjoyment of their dinner hour. Quite the contrary: they have driven them, by successive encroachments, from five o'clock to eight or nine, and bid fair to hunt them all round the dial-plate; for, as to the possibility of a patrician eating any repast at the same hour as a plebeian, it is a degradation which none but a radical would dream of. No genuine Corinthian will live in any respect like his inferiors: what a pity that he is obliged to die like them! "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and what is to become of him in the ungenteel fellowship of the church-yard? What his recreations if there be no Almack's in Heaven? Perhaps he calculates upon the same posthumous separation as was placed

between Dives and Lazarus, and would rather be condemned to any thing after death than suffer an imputation upon his gentility when living.

What has been said of the higher classes in England may be applied to all the others in the proportion of their various gradations and degrees. Such has been the rapidity of the general advancement, that there is some little confusion in the respective boundaries, and each is put to all the contrivances of its pride to distinguish itself from the grade beneath. Hence the servility to superiors, and the stiff-necked repulsive reserve, not to say arrogance, towards inferiors or equals, which form the marked and besetting sins of English society. No sooner do individuals spring from the earth, than, like the soldiers of Cadmus, they begin to attack each other. That absence of jealousy and pride, that kindly feeling towards strangers, which in France

gives a centripetal direction to society, is utterly unknown to our centrifugal countrymen. Hedgehogs and porcupines do not bristle up their backs more fiercely at the approach of a terrier, than most of our English gentry at the sight of a stranger; and upon the Continent, where the contrast is more striking, both sexes may be easily recognised by the scorn and disdain with which their countenances are habitually charged. This is bad enough in those who have dignities to defend, who stick up steel-traps and spring-guns in their looks to warn trespassers from attempting any intimacy with a Corinthian; but the hauteur of the low is not less ridiculous than odious. The kick of the jackass hurt the sick lion more from its absurd insolence than from its power of harming him. It is a solecism to suppose that any breach of good manners can be an evidence of belonging to the class of good society, and for the benefit of all those swaggering

and anxious pretenders who make themselves miserable in their ceaseless aspirations after gentility, it may be right to inform them that the only way to be a gentleman is to have the feelings of one; to be *gentle* in its proper acceptation, to be elevated above others in sentiment rather than in situation, and to let the benevolence of the heart be manifested in the general courtesy and affability of the demeanour.

ENCOMIUM MORIÆ;

OR,

THE PRAISE OF FOLLY.

I.

If from our purse all coin we spurn
But gold, we may from mart return,
Nor purchase what we 're seeking;
And if in parties we must talk
Nothing but sterling wit, we baulk
All interchange of speaking.

II.

Small talk is like small change: it flows
A thousand different ways, and throws
Thoughts into circulation,
Of trivial value each; but which
Combined make social converse rich
In cheerful animation.

III.

As bows unbent recruit their force,
Our minds by frivolous discourse
We strengthen and embellish.
"Let us be wise," said Plato once,
When talking nonsense; "yonder dunce
For folly has no relish."

IV.

The solemn bore who holds that speech
Was granted us to prose and preach,
And not for lighter usance,
Straight should be sent to Coventry,
Or, *omnium consensu*, be
Indicted as a nuisance.

V.

Though dull the joke, 'tis wise to laugh;
Parch'd be the tongue that cannot quaff,
  Save from a golden chalice;
Let jesters seek no other plea
Than that their merriment be free
  From bitterness and malice.

VI.

Silence at once the ribald clown,
And check with an indignant frown
  The scurrilous backbiter;
But speed good-humour as it runs,
Be even tolerant of puns,
  And every mirth-exciter.

VII.

The wag who even fails may claim
Indulgence for his cheerful aim;
  We should applaud, not hiss him;
This is a pardon which we grant—
(The Latin gives the rhyme I want,)
  "*Et petimus vicissim.*"

APPROACHING DOWNFAL OF THE GOLDEN CALF.

The lowness of interest, in all other countries a sign of wealth, is with us a proof of misery. Hence the dearness of necessaries of life; hence our increase of building in this city, because workmen have nothing to do but to employ one another, and one half of them are infallibly undone. SWIFT.

"WHEN the Christians of Alexandria received the penal edicts of the Emperor Theodosius against the sacrifice and worship of the Pagan superstition, they immediately proceeded with a fanatical fury to carry the sentence into execution by demolishing the Temple of Serapis. It was constructed with great strength and massy materials; and the

doors, being of solid brass, resisted for a very long time the fury of the assailants: in the end, however, they were burst open, and the colossal statue of Serapis discovered to view. It was believed by many in the crowd, that if any impious hand dared to insult the god, the heavens and the earth would instantly return to their original chaos. This, with the sublime greatness of the statue, and the awful obscurity in which he was throned within the spacious building, had for some time the effect of restraining their impetuosity. But a zealous soldier at last ventured into the sanctuary, and struck the statue on the cheek with so much vigour, that the plate of metal of which it consisted started off, and fell to the ground with a clang that echoed throughout the building. The multitude shouted; the victorious soldier repeated his blows; he had soon companions in the work; and in the course of

a few minutes the huge idol was overthrown."

The above extract from "The Wandering Jew" affords another proof that in the round-robin of human events the same circumstances are perpetually recurring, and that the present, with a few variations, is but a copy of the past, and an anticipation of the future. Virtually, if not literally, the great Serapis of England, the Dagon, the Golden Calf, the huge unholy Mammon to which every knee was bent, is at this very moment undergoing an assault not less deadly and destructive than that which was inflicted upon his glittering ancestor by the fanatics of Alexandria. In the present instance it is the worshippers of the Baal who are the assailants; but the sword of Brutus was not the less fatal because he was the friend of Cæsar, and the fall of the modern Mammon is only rendered the more certain

when he becomes his own victim, and finds that his limbs are gradually lopped off by his adorers. Every body knows that his polypean power was in his faculty of reproduction, or, in other words, that the value and efficacy of money consisted in the high rate of interest which it afforded. Nothing ever constituted a more extraordinary sight, in the social system, than the deification enjoyed by a fundholder, lolling in luxurious idleness, while the pampered goose saw all his countrymen sweating with their brows and brains, and taxed in every direction to support the splendour of his apotheosis. He was the very child and champion of Mammon,—a living illustration of the old Sibylline story that a golden bough opens the gates of Elysium. But, alack! insatiable capitalists have increased the stock of wealth faster than the labouring classes can use and absorb it;—manure is of little value where

there are no lands to cultivate;—and the dung and dross of the gold mine, like any other commodity of which there is an oversupply, has become depreciated in proportion to the glut. The interest being generally lowered, Government was enabled to set the dangerous precedent of reducing the funds. This was worse than the blow of the battle-axe which struck the gilded plate from off the cheek of Serapis; it was assaulting the Gog of the gold-worshippers in the vital members of his strength; and as money at the present rate of interest does not possess more than half its former power, it may truly be stated that the monster's right-arm has been fairly severed from his body. The first blow has been struck, and heaven and earth have not yet returned to their original chaos, but human beings have at all events approximated somewhat nearer to their intrinsic value; and the impecuniary

classes may well set up a shout of triumph, that many a purse-proud and bloated man of wealth, who "bestrode the narrow earth like a Colossus," has been brought nearer to their own level.

Every day is still further lowering the financial stature of these gilt giants, and raising the height of those whose worth is in themselves. At the actual reduced value of money, every one who derives an income of fifteen hundred a-year from his talents, has as good a revenue as a capitalist of fifty thousand pounds. A doctor in decent practice, or a thriving barrister, would be entitled, if they were equally ignorant, to be as arrogant and swaggering as an alderman with his plum; a favourite author may draw as largely upon his brains as many a wealthy cit upon his banker; and as for Sir Walter Scott, if he could but get rid of his talents, he might without disparagement be com-

pared to any great loan-contractor or Crœsus of the city. A marvellous change is rapidly operating in the condition of English society: hitherto the rich have always been thought wise; the time is now coming when the wisest will always be the richest. They who, like Atalanta, run after the golden pippins, will be thrown out of the course; and they who, like Hippomenes, trust more to their head than their heels, will arrive the soonest at the goal. Neither Radicals nor Spenceans ever contemplated such a revolution in property as is now carrying into effect by its largest possessors. Woe! woe! to the brainless favourites of the blind Goddess:—there is a handwriting on the wall of Plutus's temple, which proclaims that their empire shall speedily pass away; that their power shall be transferred from the pocket to the brain; that the wise men upon 'Change shall presently ask not what a man has, but what he is; and that personal ta-

lents shall secure wealth and distinction to their owner, while talents of gold and silver shall be lying unproductive in the coffers of the ex-opulent.

Hogarth, in the picture of the Election, represents one of the mob sitting athwart the projecting sign of the King's Head, and sawing it off in such a manner, that, when he succeeds in his object, he must inevitably be precipitated to the ground, and dashed to pieces. Blind and besotted as they are, our modern money-getters are offering a not less egregious instance of stupid self-destruction by their suicidal efforts to increase that accumulation of wealth beneath which they will be ultimately smothered. Have they never, in their autumnal visits to Brighton or Margate, seen the toiling ocean throwing up a barrier of shingle against its own future encroachments? They are equally strenuous in heaping up stones by which they themselves may be knocked down, and are dedica-

ting all their power to the achievement of insignificance. The " dirus hydrops " is at its height, and they are attempting to cure it by deeper potations of the " aurum potabile." The goose lays them golden eggs every day, and they are cutting her up for more. Heavens ! what are the recent inundations of our seas and rivers to the Pactolian deluge which was to overwhelm us from every province of South America ? When America was discovered, the Peruvians and Potosians attached so little value to this yellow metal, that they used it for the meanest kitchen utensils, and eagerly exchanged it for iron. Yet a little while and we bid fair to be placed in the same predicament ; and when the spade shall be of more value, because more useful, than the ingot, what will be the situation of the nominally wealthy ? Successful in all their speculations, they will only the more quickly exemplify the fate of Midas, who turned every thing he touched to gold, and was

starved to death in the midst of his magnificence. If their asinine ears were open to advice, I would whisper them that though they may read of the "*auri sacra fames*," they can neither eat nor drink gold; and that, to quote a homely proverb, they are not likely to make the pot boil by bringing coals to Newcastle. I would moreover remind them that the approaching era will be a golden age rather for those who are without that commodity, than for those who have it; and that they must possess something more than a glittering mineral, if they wish to avoid becoming paupers.

And all these Assurance, and Gas, and Steam Navigation, and Pearl Fishery, and Railway Companies, and the more fantastical associations for transplanting Smithfield, and making Tunnels,—all these chimerical projects, which ransack the four elements for their theory, and the four quarters of the earth for their developement, what are they

but the agonies and convulsions of expiring wealth endeavouring to extort a high interest from visions when it can no longer be extracted from realities, and only doomed to exemplify the fate of the clown who, having no more sheep to fleece, attempted to shear his hogs, and was rewarded for his pains with great cry and little wool? It may be a little while protracted by these delusions, but if we remain at peace, there will be no averting the inevitable doom of wealth. Down the huge idol must come: Government will repeat the blow; the battle-axe will again be raised against the dismembered Serapis; the three per cents. will be reduced to two, to one per cent., and ultimately the monster will be overthrown amid the triumphant shouts of the impecuniary classes. When this consummation is accomplished, the whole society of England will form a pleasant company of penniless ladies and gentlemen, offering the singular spectacle of a very primitive and

agrarian state as to property, combined with all the wants and luxuries of advanced civilization. There will be a social equality, with the greatest possible individual inequality. We shall all have to start afresh and work for our bread, while there will be thousands of gouty, bloated, indolent, and ignorant exopulents who will neither have the means, mental or corporeal, of earning their subsistence. Physical power will of course take the lead, and there will no longer be the smallest necessity for poor rates; talents will presently surpass brute force; and the professions, as being the most useful, will attain the highest rank, constituting a nobility of industry as a contrast to the aristocracy of indolence. The latter, however, will be allowed to retain their titles; and if they can cover their backs with their coat of arms, cut firewood from their genealogical tree, and chew the names of their ancestors, which are for ever in their mouths, so as to convert them

into food for their stomachs, they may still be as comfortable and as well off as ever.

The great mass of the state-annuitants, however, will unquestionably become paupers, who cannot in common humanity be left to starve, and for whose support the laborious and the talented classes will doubtless come forward with the characteristic liberality of Englishmen. Once liberated from the poor laws, no one will think of again opening that Pandora's box of all mischief and misery; but, as prevention is better than cure, it is highly necessary that we should each, to the best of our ability, anticipate the coming crisis; and I therefore beg leave to submit to the consideration of the public a new paper, and a new project which I propose to entitle a

PLAN FOR THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE EX-OPULENT.

For the consolation of the unfortunate class who are destined to be relieved by this bene-

volent institution, and that I may alleviate their mental as well as their pecuniary distresses, I shall begin by appealing to their own candour whether they ever derived felicity from their former wealth, and whether it is not a startling inconsistency to be unhappy at the loss of that, the possession of which conferred no happiness. The gratifications which opulence can bestow are finite; its power of annoyance infinite: with its pleasures we are soon satiated; its cares and anxieties become more acute the longer they are endured. Some great cotton-spinner, we have lately been told by the papers, now owns four of the finest country-mansions in England. He can only reside at and enjoy the delights of one at a time, while he is liable to be simultaneously pelted with all the vexations to which the other three may subject him. His second bailiff may write him word that the poachers have ravaged his favourite preserves and dragged his fish-ponds; his

third, that the inundations have drowned his cattle, and thrown down an expensive wall; his fourth, that a fire in the library has consumed his rare books and choice pictures; and all these pleasant epistles may be deposited upon his breakfast-table at the same moment. This case is thrown out for the consideration of the ex-opulent, who are moreover invited to reflect, that although wealth does not render life more pleasant, it makes death more terrible; and that it cannot purchase us a friend, while it converts heirs and relatives into enemies, eagerly wishing for our departure, that they may lavish in one year what we have been perhaps hoarding for fifty.

In announcing to the lazy and polished paupers whom we purpose to relieve, that they will all be expected to take to some honest employment, they will no doubt be shocked in the first instance at the novel

and degrading idea of their becoming in any way useful to society. But their pride need not be altogether inconsolable. England at large felt no humiliation when Napoleon reproached her with being a shop-keeping nation. A celebrated political economist, not less remarkable for the profundity of his researches and the acuteness of his intellect, than for the exalted speculations to which both are dedicated, observes that Nature herself, either literally or typically, sets us an example of every trade which she wishes us to pursue. Thus of the four elements he remarks, that earth may be denominated a gardener, ocean a tide-waiter, fire a lamplighter, air a bellows-blower. The sun he terms a tanner, the stars nightmen, using Charles's wain in the way of business, the dust a blind-maker, time a habit-maker or tooth-drawer, and so on; but as many, perhaps, may deem his discovery visionary and

fantastical, we shall proceed at once to the developement of our plan for the relief of these patrician and polite paupers.

A great portion of our mendicant gentry will have been fortunately qualified, even by the nature of their idleness, for the new habits of industry which we shall chalk out for them, and cannot reasonably object to perform for their subsistence what they have long practised for their amusement. Those addicted to the turf, horse-racing, hunting, and similar equestrian pursuits, will be sure of obtaining comfortable situations as grooms, jockeys, ostlers, horse-dealers, livery stable keepers, or whippers in, of which characters they have always affected the appearance. Tyrants of the trigger, who have invariably considered the life of a fellow-creature secondary to that of a pheasant, will form admirable gamekeepers; and, if they are shot by poachers, or caught in one of their own

steel-traps, will have the consolation of knowing that the game laws from which their sufferings flow have originated with themselves. Gamblers, from the long habit of shaking their elbows and sitting up all night, will find no inconvenience in officiating as fiddlers for a ball-room: the nocturnal shouters of Bacchanalian songs may set the hours of night to any tune they please, and sing them in our streets as parochial watchmen: card-players may manufacture the packs which they used to shuffle and cut; epicures may cook the victuals which they formerly criticised; Bond-street loungers may put on a blue coat and red waistcoat, and pursue their peripatetics as the street police; City money-scrapers may be set to work at scraping the Macadamized roads, or employed in our mines; and by devoting other classes to pursuits equally adapted to their habits, we shall quickly be relieved from

a great portion of these unfortunate exopulents.

There will remain, however, a pretty considerable assortment of fashionable younger brothers, smart small annuitants, and "pleasant fellows about town," whose principal occupation has been that of dining out and ministering to the entertainment of the company as professed wags, droll dogs, and comical chaps. As the dinner-givers in the new era will be all men of bustling life, much too busy to cut their own jokes, it may be highly desirable to continue these merry-andrews in their profession, enabling them to live by a retaining fee for every meal, equivalent to that which is bestowed upon our public singers. Avoidance of unnecessary labour being the characteristic of all modern improvements, they will doubtless form themselves into an association to facilitate their duties. Like the club of country

curates, who met together once a month to exchange sermons, they should have stated assemblages for the general transfer of jokes; for the bon-mots which have been used up and become stale in one district may come out perfectly fresh and original in another, and thus be upon actual service for many months, before they have completed the round of the metropolis. How much preferable this system to the wasteful expenditure of new facetiæ! Clerks, however, should be kept constantly employed in the composition of original *jeux d'esprit* upon all subjects of passing interest, to which subscribers should only become entitled upon paying double, till they were a little hacknied, when they should be received into the common stock at the ordinary price. A fund should be established, and the utmost value given for gentlemen's old jokes, provided they were not worn too threadbare. Con-

tracts for this purpose should instantly be made with Mr. Jekyll, Lord Norbury, Theodore Hook, and other established wags, who should be bound down, under a heavy penalty, not to vend their cast puns and second-hand sallies to any other establishment. Regular collections from Joe Miller should be kept for civic feasts or illiterate parties, upon whom it would be a waste of wit to lavish more modern stories; and private lessons might be given to thriving dunces aspiring to the reputation of being wits. They might even be provided with decently dressed members of the society to accompany them to parties, as cousins just arrived from the country, and enable them to let off a whole volley of provided puns and preconcerted impromptus. Persons sent out on this delicate mission, for which a handsome remuneration would be expected, should be warranted not to get tipsy, and

not to venture upon any jokes of their own when they have used up the stock with which they were entrusted; after which period they should be strictly enjoined to depart, or, at all events, to say nothing more when they have nothing more to say.

Elegy

TO THE MEMORY OF

MISS EMILY KAY,

COUSIN TO MISS ELLEN GEE OF KEW, WHO DIED LATELY AT EWELL, AND WAS BURIED IN ESSEX.

They fool me to the top of my bent.—SHAKSPEARE.

SAD nymphs of U L, U have much to cry for,
Sweet M L E K U never more shall C!
O S X maids! come hither, and D, 0, (*decypher*)
With tearful I, this M T L E G.

II.

Without XS she did XL alway,
Ah me! it truly vexes 1 2 C,
How soon so DR a creature may DK,
And only leave behind XUVE!

III.

Whate'er 1. 0 to do she did discharge,
So that an NME it might NDR:—
Then why an SA write?—then why N? *(enlarge)*
Or with my briny tears her BR BDU?

IV.

When her Piano-40 she did press,
Such heavenly sounds did MN 8, that she
Knowing her Q, soon 1 U 2 confess
Her XLNC in an XTC.

V.

Her hair was soft as silk, not YRE,
It gave no Q, nor yet 2 P to view:
She was not handsome; shall I tell UY?
U R 2 know her I was all SQ.

VI.

L 8 she was, and prattling like a J;
How little, MLE! did you 4 C,
The grave should soon MU U, cold as clay,
And U should cease 2 B an NTT!

VII.

While taking T at Q with LN G,
The MT grate she rose to put a :
Her clothes caught fire—no I again shall see
Poor MLE, who now is dead as Solon.

VIII.

O LN G! in vain U set at 0
GR and reproach for suffering her 2 B
Thus sacrificed: to JL U should be brought,
Or burnt U 0 2 B in FEG.

IX.

Sweet MLE K into SX they bore,
Taking good care her monument to Y 10,
And as her tomb was much 2 low B 4
They lately brought fresh bricks the walls to 10
(high-ten.)

THE FRENCH GOVERNESS.

I.

Our modish manners well we vaunt,
When we behold our daughters flaunt
In Gallic silks and dresses;
And give them, in our foreign whims,
(Their minds to garnish, like their limbs,)
Parisian governesses.

II.

Able her mother-tongue to talk,
To cry "Mon Dieu!" to shrug, to walk
With true Parisian wriggle;
Tight in her waist, but loose of speech
Prompt, if her teeth be white, to teach
The most becoming giggle;—

III.

Some sage mamma in ecstasies
Snaps up the fresh-imported prize,
And puffs her as a pattern;
Her faults the pupil quickly learns,
Pert, prating, shallow, and by turns
A dandisette or slattern.

IV.

Attempting all things, versed in none,
How glibly Miss's accents run!
How fluently she smatters!
What erudition, what a vast
Display of nonsense, and how fast
Her broken French she chatters!

V.

That many tutored thus receive
No taint, we willingly believe;
We are no loose impeachers:
But French romances, novels warm,
And amorous songs, that often form
The reading of French teachers,

VI.

May sometimes generate, methinks,
A prurient, vain, romantic minx,
Not French nor English neither;
A mongrel mischief, nothing loth
To learn whatever 's bad in both,
Without the good of either.

A LAMENT FOR THE WRITER OF MODERN NOVELS.

Now my pen will needs take his leave of his fair love the paper, with blubbering, as you see, these tender tears of ink:—if there be any parergetical clauses, nor suiting true judgment, and as impertinent to this our treatise as surely some there be, I must needs ingenuously confess it as a default.—STUBBES.

THAT *rara avis*, a benignant critic, has latterly expressed a profound commiseration for the lamentable plight of our novel-writers,

who, though they are at their wits' end, and have completely reached the length of their tether, are as importunately dunned for novelty, as if the world of fiction were a Terra Incognita, fresh, unexplored, and undescribed. Alas! what novelty can possibly be expected when innumerable intellects of nearly the same calibre are for ever working upon the same limited stock of materials? The most eventful life has but a certain quantity of ingredients in these commonplace days; and when you have described one or two couples of lovers, with or without rivals, as many hair-breadth 'scapes in which the hero or heroine may evince their courage and presence of mind, according to your taste, an election, a duel, a few dinner or other parties, a gaming-house, the ruin of the gamester, his arrest, a case of seduction or intrigue, with the customary horrors, not even omitting suicide, which are deemed in-

dispensable for establishing your moral, you have pretty well exhausted all that our present manners can supply, and have nothing left but to hasten the denouement of your mystery, (if you have any,) to marry your lovers, and wind up the novel as satisfactorily as you can. Compare all the recent publications where the scene is laid in modern life, and this will be found to form a pretty accurate summary of their contents. The incidents may be transposed, the changes may be rung in various ways; but, after all, it is the same chime of bells, and the peals, and capriccios, and triple bob-majors that you may play upon them, are better calculated to display the ingenuity of the performer, than to excite any new sensation of pleasure in the auditors.

The monotony of existing life having reduced the novel-writer to this unfortunate nonplus, so far as incidents are concerned,

his predicament with respect to characters is still more deplorable and hopeless. How can he furnish individual peculiarities when it has become almost as difficult to discriminate one man from another, as to identify each separate sheep in a large flock, all having the same external appearance, and all possessing, as nearly as possible, the same faculties, habits, and feelings? Uniformity of dress, the diffusion of education, universality of intercourse;—the rank-levelling tailor, the all-instructing schoolmaster, the all-exploring mail-coaches and steam-boats, have so assimilated us one to another, that external distinctions are nearly obliterated; all that was visible and picturesque upon the surface of society has disappeared, carrying with it the novelist's most prominent and available resource; and it is now only, *intus et in cute*, in the limited recesses of the human heart, that any domain is left to him; while even

this is still farther restricted by a natural conformity, or a general hypocrisy, so well sustained as sometimes effectually to conceal all the original diversities of nature. Thus miserably circumscribed as to incident and character, the main elements of his art, he cannot eke out his work by attempting to convey knowledge or instruction of any sort; his readers, who are sure to be as well informed as himself, or, at all events, to think themselves so, are indignant at the arrogance of such a proceeding, and instantly close the book in dudgeon. Descriptions of foreign countries share no better fate: thanks to our riches and the steam-boats, we are all travellers; we have all seen every thing; and the reader who encounters any passage of this nature quits the volume with a feeling pretty much akin to that of the poor Frenchman who fled from Egypt in disgust because English gentlemen, and even English ladies

with their parasols and reticules, were nearly as common upon the top of the Pyramids as upon the Italian Boulevards at Paris.

How unreasonable are the perusers of works of fiction! Their demand for novelty is urgent, insatiable, in exact proportion to the difficulty, the impossibility of supplying it. Away with information, or discussion, however instructive! Throw such "physic to the dogs, I'll none on't," is the universal cry. In this respect our habits present a very curious anomaly: in our reading we seem to have changed places with our children. Let any one examine a juvenile library, and while he finds the latter word sufficiently justified by the multiplicity of the books, he will see that the former is almost wholly inapplicable. Let him search out a book of mere amusement, some fairy tale, or strictly childish history, adapted to the capacities of striplings, and calculated to

recreate them after their studies, and his keenest perquisitions will be vain. Many, indeed, will allure him by their attractive titles; but when he comes to analyse them, he will discover that they are nothing but so many schoolmaster's traps, kidnapping devices for stealing the time of little urchins, defrauding them of their expected treat, and cheating them into knowledge, and instruction, and science, and morality; giving them, in short, botany, and astronomy, and chemistry, and geology, and conchology, and all the rest of the "ologies," when they expected to be delighted with the veritable history of Little Jack, The Robins, or the Fairy Finetta. The "Miseries of Human Life" records an unhappy individual who at a dinner party conveyed, as he imagined, a handsome piece of warm turnip into his mouth, but to his incredible dismay found it to be a large lump of cold fat! Equal in nature, but infinitely

greater in degree, must be the misery of the youngsters whose literary taste has undergone such an infliction as we have described. Instruction is quite right *in its place*, but it does not by any means follow that it is equally desirable out of its place; nor is it of wholesome example to deceive children into it by thus setting didactic snares and scientific pitfalls for their minds.

It may be warrantable to conquer the natural repugnance of infants to physic, by rubbing with honey the edge of the glass that contains some nauseous potion; but if this practice be attempted at a more advanced age, when the child can distinguish, there will be a danger of its becoming as much disgusted with the honey as the medicine, so as obstinately to reject both. There is a time for all things, even for the perusal of books that are strictly level with the understandings and natural tastes of children, and which

seek no higher aim than the amusement—the literal, genuine, unmixed amusement—of an age especially requiring entertainment and relaxation. It is not only a cruelty, but a monstrous injustice, that we should refuse this appropriate solace to our offspring, when we ourselves, in our own light reading, indignantly reject the mental food which we cram down the throats of our unfortunate youngsters. What right have we to give them a book with a captivating title, merely that we may drench them with nasty "ologies," and inoculate them with edification, when we ourselves, grown-up people, and therefore more competent to the digestion of such unpalatable nutriment, will not suffer a single mouthful of it to be mixed up in a novel? Is it because we have been thus dosed, *usque ad nauseam*, in our own earlier days, that we revolt from every attempt of a similar kind made upon our maturer age?

If so, we should be more compassionate to the rising generation. In these respects it can no longer be said that the "child's the father of the man," but rather that parents and children have exchanged books: an inconsistency which is at least attended with one pleasant circumstance;—it may reconcile us to senility when we cannot begin to play the fool, and amuse ourselves until we have cut our wise teeth and arrived at years of discretion. What a consolation for middle-aged gentlemen that they may read the Arabian Nights without let or impediment! without the fear of the cherished volume being purloined and hidden by some anxious mamma, because it is not an instructive book! without the dread of being bored and interrupted, just as Prince Firouz Schah is dismounting from his enchanted horse, by some "wisest aunt telling the saddest tale," and dinning into your ears that nothing is to be

gained by the perusal of such trash! Gained! gained! One is sick to death of the perpetual iteration of that word of traffic, and of the truly English, huckstering spirit that dictates it. What *can* childhood, or even manhood, gain better than amusement in its due season? and what better stimulant to graver studies than such occasional relaxations? Oh! but the loss of time! Psha! It has been well observed that we should be economists of time, so far as to be always provided with the means of pleasantly wasting it; which is the great arcanum, after all: and as to levity or trifling, or even a sprinkling of nonsense, so fond am I of them, that I have come to the same determination as the Frenchman—"Je veux composer quelque jour un beau livre, afin d'avoir le droit d'être bête toute ma vie."

But to return to the unfortunate writer of modern novels, or, in other words, to the

remodeller of old ones, how must he envy, starved as he is by the penury and exhaustion of his own æra, the perennial fertility of those earlier and truly golden ages, when not only was the surface of society broken up into innumerable diversities of the most vivid contrast, but he might revel and riot in an imaginary world still more prolific and boundless than the real one. Oh! for the pagan mythology with its thirty thousand deities, and an *omni-fidian* people, who could yield implicit credence to the Metamorphoses of Ovid, even had they been ten times as numerous! *There* was a field for the Novelist! So far from being to seek for plot, character, and incident, they would actually embarrass him by their abundance, each crying, "Come, take me," until even striplings might exclaim—"I lisped in novels, for the novels' cause." What infinite variety in the costumes of so many

different religionists! what diversity in the rites, from the beautiful or the grotesque to the terrible! what sublimity in the mysteries and incantations! what limitless scope for incident and adventure in their temples, sacred groves, grottoes, caves, fountains, and grim subterranean recesses! What facilities for construction of the most interesting stories, when gods and goddesses were in the daily habit of walking the earth in disguise, and you might bring down your celestial, not as the author of Telemachus has done, in the form of a prosy, long-bearded, and long-winded Mentor, but in the semblance of a spirited and gallant hero, to woo and win, and finally to bear off your heroine to some Thessalian bower in the Vale of Tempè, or to waft her upwards, like Psyche, to the literally jovial court of Jupiter, upon the blissful heights of Olympus! What would forbid the daring writer from intro-

ducing into his novel some of the amours of the goddesses themselves?

Or if his grey goose quill feared to fly at such a lofty quarry, had he not patrons and subjects enough upon earth and in the waters, without dunning the sky? Was there a grove or even a single tree unhaunted by satyrs, fawns, nymphs, dryads, and hamadryads; and might not every scribbler exclaim with Ovid:

"Sunt mihi Semidei, sunt rustica numina Fauni,
Et Nymphæ, Satyrique, et monticolæ Sylvani."

Had not every sequestered place its living genius?—was not the Ocean the grand parade of Neptune and Amphitrite, with their tritons, Nereids, Hippocamps, and dolphins?—was there a river without its superhuman occupants?—or even a solitary fountain from which an author might not evoke some white-armed nymph to clasp and submerge his hero, if he wanted to get rid of him for

a chapter or two? For a similar expedient in these prosaic days, he could only resort to the instrumentality of the bearded bathing-woman at Brighton, old Martha Gunn, or to some of her haggish successors, awful contrasts to the young and beautiful nymphs who with amorous dalliance drew down the not unwilling Hylas to their coral bowers. Far from wondering that the ancients wove such beautiful fictions out of such pregnant materials, we may rather be surprised that they did not accomplish more, when all nature, animate and inanimate, was saturated with inspiration, and eager to pour it out upon the votarist. Oh! that I had been a novel-writer in those days! What wealth and immortality would I have achieved! I would have made a better golden ass than Apuleius; for, instead of a modern allegory, I would have drawn my characters from real life. I would have constructed a transcend-

ently interesting story exalted and embellished by the wonders of the existing mythology; and while my dialogue exhibited the wit of Lucian, my descriptions the fidelity of Virgil, and my reflections the liberality and acuteness of Tacitus———Psha! the mention of the last name reminds me that I had better be silent: all my retrospective Alnascharism has been destroyed, not by an inadvertent sprawl of the foot, but by the "untoward event" of my having been born two or three thousand years too late. Had I been one of the old Greek tragedians, wielding their tremendous machinery before an audience of omnivorous faith, it might have been *tant pis* for Sophocles and Euripides. Had I written upon a subject so beautiful, picturesque, and romantic as the expedition of the Argonauts, having on board my vessel such characters as Hercules and Hylas, Castor and Pollux, Orpheus and Jason, and

others scarcely less illustrious;—had it fallen to my lot to describe the visit to the Centaur, and the effect of Orpheus's harp, when

——— "the trees from Pelion's height
Slid downwards to the cave, and o'erhung it in delight;
Wolves and lions at its mouth stood silently around,
Mixt with cattle, with their ears all pointing to the sound;
The Centaur stamp'd his hoof 'mid ungovernable cries,
And clapp'd his hands in ecstasy, and yielded up the prize;"—

Had it been my fate, I say, to describe an expedition such as this, I shrewdly surmise that the present generation would have known little of Apollonius of Rhodes! More might be said, but it is forbidden by the modesty inseparable from true merit!

Such were the copious and exhaustless materials profusely scattered for the use of the ancient novelist throughout the whole south of Europe, and great part of Asia and Africa;

while, if he chose to transfer his scene, and to exercise his genius northward, the Scandinavian mythology, rich in ghosts and goblins, magic and enchantment, dwarfs and giants, wood-demons and water-spirits, tendered to his pen the terrible sublimities of the Hall of Odin, with its mailed warriors drinking out of the skulls of their enemies, and cheered by the songs of the Valkyriæ, the houris of the North. Christianity, by breaking up the Pagan mythology, introducing an uniform religion, and substituting truth for delusion and superstition, materially narrowed the sphere of the writer who undertook to describe existing manners; but what variety, what picturesqueness in the forms speedily assumed by the new faith itself, when hermits, anchorites, and solitary ascetics, engendered by enthusiasm, devoted themselves to mortification in caves and grottoes, worked miracles by the help of relics, or wandered through

the world, exalted almost to spiritual delirium by the zeal of proselytism. A fresh and inexhaustible fund sprang from the institution of the monastic orders with their endless diversity of robes, habits, rules, and observances, and the stately religious structures with which they soon adorned the land; while the establishment of nunneries supplied everlasting materials for adventure and passionate interest,—materials of which we may be assured that as good and copious use was made before, as subsequently to, the time of Abelard and Eloisa. The earlier wars of Christianity, and, above all, the Crusades, were a perfect mine of the wildest, most spirit-stirring and romantic incidents which neither Tasso nor Sir Walter Scott has half exhausted; and as to the glorious days of Chivalry, it was actually impossible to make a mere transcript of common passing occurrences without writing a romance. Every body

knows what countless hosts of these books once existed, nor should they be ever mentioned with irreverence, still less with contumely, since to them we are indebted for the inimitable Don Quixote. Well might Burke pathetically lament that these days are gone. Alas! they have passed away with the golden and the pastoral ages. Yes—

The days of Chivalry are gone,
When every mail'd and mounted Don
Rode forth like crazy Quixote,
With slashing sword to keep the peace,
And lay down law and the police
Upon his ipse dixit.

The Pastoral and the Golden Age,
From old Theocritus's page
And Virgil's Amaryllis,
Down to the modern mawkish things,
Where Phillida to Damon sings,
And Corydon to Phillis,

Are also past;—no shepherd dwells
Among us now, like Marmontel's,
To play on the oboe;
Nor titled damsels do we see,
As in Sir Philip's Arcady,
Acting the Sylvan Chloe.

Behold! how naturally, how unconsciously, how inevitably one slips into rhyme in alluding to these poetical and inspiring æras! Even so late as the fourteenth century and the days of Chaucer, what copiousness of dissimilar costumes, what diversity and raciness of character still existed, if we may judge by the company assembled at the Tabarde Inn to make their pilgrimage to the tomb of Thomas à Becket, comprising as it did a knight, a squire, a Franklin, an Oxford clerk, a priest, a merchaunt, a miller, a reve, a summoner, a prioress, a monk, a friar, and others of whom portraits may be seen in Stothard's admirable picture, and

whose resemblance to the originals no one can for a moment doubt. What is left to us now of the pictorial or romantic?—what of the imaginative?—what of the fabulous?. Absolutely nothing, and "ex nihilo nihil fit." Centaurs and sirens are extinct; mermaids are no longer seen, except in the fraudful form of a stuffed seal with supposititious features; fairies have vanished; the last ghost has been charmed into the Red Sea; the last wizard has been hung; the last witch has been burnt; magic and enchantment are no more. To be doomed to write a novel in such a barren age as this is a worse than Egyptian bondage; it is a thousand times more laborious than making bricks without straw. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Wretches may doubtless be found to undertake this hopeless task; but, for my own part, I would rather take a turn with Sisyphus at his ever-recoiling stone, share the vain labours

of the "assiduæ repetunt quas perdunt Belides undas," or be condemned for three months to the tread-mill, where I must toil and slave from morning to night without getting a step the forwarder, than become that most pitiable of all drudges—the writer of a modern novel!

THE BIRTH OF THE INVISIBLE.

I.

O SCENE of enchantment! O vision of bliss!
What Paradisaical glory is this?
A garden! a garden! O rapturous sight!
More stately in beauty, more rich in delight,
Than any the Muse, in her leafiest hour,
Has fabled of golden Hesperian bower,
Or fortunate islands, or fields where the blest
In Elysium's sylvan beatitudes rest.
Lovely or rare, none can compare
With this heaven on earth so surpassingly fair!

II.

Well, well may its flow'rets thus brightly expand,
For they feel the fresh touch of the Deity's hand;
And the trees that are rustling their branches on high,
Are raising their arms and their voice to the sky,
To give thanks to the Lord, at whose fiat sublime
They sprung from the earth in maturity's prime;
And the newly-born river that flows at their feet
Is lisping an anthem its Maker to greet.
Lovely or rare, none can compare
With this heaven on earth so surpassingly fair!

III.

What odorous incense upsprings from the sod,
Which has lately been press'd by the foot of its God!
What fragrance Sabean the zephyrs exhale,
Where celestial breath has been left on the gale!
Behold! how the fruits deeply blush, where the Sun
Has stamp'd his first kiss upon every one!
And hark! how the birds, in sweet choral accord,
Send their voices' first offerings up to the Lord!
Lovely or rare, none can compare
With this heaven on earth so surpassingly fair!

IV.

No solace is wanting, no charms that dispense
A rival delight to the soul and the sense:
It is blissful to quaff the nectareous air;
To pluck from the branches ambrosial fare;
To list to the music of birds and of trees,
The chiming of waters, the song of the breeze;
To gaze on the Paradise blooming around,
And scent the rich breath of its flowery ground.
Lovely or rare, none can compare
With this heaven on earth so surpassingly fair.

V.

The creatures now savage, not then beasts of prey,
Mid the flocks and the herds fondly pasture and play:
The lion lies down with the kidling; the lamb
Disports with the tiger; the wolf with its dam;
The elephant, twining his trunk round the boughs
Of the palm, scatters dates for his friends to carouse;
The giraffe plucks the high-growing fruits; and each beast
Makes the banquet of Nature a fellowship feast.
Lovely or rare, none can compare
With this heaven on earth so surpassingly fair!

VI.

'Tis the Garden of Eden, where joy, peace, and love
Join the creatures below to their Maker above.
Behold! from yon verdant alcove, hand in hand,
Wander Adam and Eve, till admiring they stand
Beneath the resplendent preeminent tree
Of knowledge, whose fruit is forbidden. And see!
In the guise of a serpent, where Satan appears,
And whispers melodious guilt in their ears.
Lovely or rare, none can compare
With this heaven on earth so surpassingly fair.

VII.

O horror of horrors! the dark deed is done:
They have tasted the fruit. Lo! the shudd'ring sun
Rushes out of the sky; all is terror and gloom.
The tears of the angels, bewailing man's doom,
Rain woe upon earth: the wild animals roar,
As their fangs, stainless once, are polluted with gore;
Flocks and herds fly before them, astounded, aghast;
Shrieks of anguish are borne on the terrible blast;
Fear and despair are on earth and in air,
For thunder has ravaged that garden s fair.

VIII.

Degraded, ashamed, sinful Adam and Eve
From its precincts are driven to toil and to grieve;
Then Earth gave a groan, a soul-harrowing sound,
And thrill'd in her depths with a shudder profound
That wither'd each Paradise tree at its root,
And shook down for ever and ever its fruit,
And scatter'd the rivers,—till all was o'erthrown,
That the site of the garden might never be known.
Record is all left, since the fall,
Its exquisite beauties and bliss to recall.

IX.

Then, then in the desert's profoundest abyss,
Where the winds o'er the waves fiercely whistle and hiss,
In the blackness of night, with convulsions and throes,
Did Earth her sepulchral recesses unclose,
And heave up a monster the world to affright,
Terrific of purpose, tremendous in might,
Whose withering touch all the living should feel,
Though his features to none might he ever reveal.
Gladness and mirth fled from the earth
When that fearful invisible monster had birth.

X.

The hopes and the courage of Adam to daunt,
It ceased not, the spectre, his footsteps to haunt;
His children it touch'd, and converted to dust
In a moment his tenderest objects of trust:
Birds and beasts fell around him; where'er Adam walk'd,
Before him, in fancy, the murderer stalk'd;
More dread to the heart when unseen by the eye,
'Twas vain from the phantom to hide or to fly;
Wrinkles and bloom met the same doom,—
One touch of the Gorgon sent all to the tomb.

XI.

It lurk'd in the wave, in the air, in the bower—
An ubiquitous course, an all-withering power,—
Still snatching from Adam his hope and his joy,
And scaring with dread when it fail'd to destroy;
Till weaken'd with age, worn with sorrow and fear,
He felt a cold hand on his heart, and his ear
Was chill'd by the spectre's cadaverous breath,
As in accents sepulchral it groaned—"I AM DEATH!"

THE POLITICAL TRIMMER:

A CHARACTER.

I.

Cold, formal, dull, pragmatical,
Anxious to pay his court to all,
  Too hollow to please any;
In friendship seeking his own ends,
And therefore striving to make friends
  For ever with the many;

II.

A solemn, supple coxcomb—big
With emptiness—a perfect prig
  In person, conduct, manner,—
Behold our Janus turn and twist,
A coward fearing to enlist,
  Yet flattering every banner.

III.

Oh! but he 's independent, he!
A conscientious worthy—free
From prejudice's fancies:—
Ay—his sole master is himself,
And that 's a timid, trimming elf,
The slave of circumstances.

IV.

Not Tory, Whig, nor Radical,
Nor fix'd in his equivocal
And intermediate station:
Not true to friend or foe, he lives
In everlasting negatives,
Himself a mere negation.

V.

Blind prejudice may be a curse,
But hollow indecision 's worse:—
When contrary attraction
Suspends the compass at the Pole,
The mere machine has lost its whole
Importance with its action.

VI.

Away with such cold-hearted knaves!
We want not calculating slaves
Who balance thus and palter;
But men who at their country's suit
Will do their duty, *coute qui coute*,
And neither flinch nor falter.

THE END.

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